DAHLBERG and the WAGES of RISK

THE NATION

March 30, 1964 . . 35c

THEIR MEN in WASHINGTON

The intrigues, the favors, the opinion purchasing by which lobbyists for foreign powers affect American policy

Fred J. Cook

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LETTERS

Profound mystery

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs: The murder, in Liberty, Miss., of Louis Allen which you mention (editorial, "Life in Liberty," Mar. 16) has been investigated. Daniel Jones, deputy sheriff in Liberty . . . was unable to find "a single clue." Jones is the deputy sheriff who, as you mentioned, beat Allen in 1962, giving him a broken jaw.

Jerry DeMuth

Simon on 'The Deputy'

New York City

Dear Sirs: John Simon's otherwise fair-minded review of Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* (*The Nation*, Mar. 16) is badly marred by an attack on the American translation by Richard and Clara Winston. . . . The fact is that in charging the Winstons with "inaccuracies" in the translation contained in the Grove Press edition, your reviewer does little more than reveal his own inadequate understanding of Hochhuth's original German text.

While Mr. Simon found much to quarrel with in the Winston translation, his most serious charge is that of "mistranslation." He cites two important instances which, if true, would indeed support his criticism: first, he claims the Winstons missed "a piece of *humour noir*" by translating "*Menschen, die familienweise kremiert werden,*" as "whole families pushed into the ovens" instead of "people cremated on the family plan." Mr. Simon also berates the Winstons for rendering "*Den Krieg / überleben wir beide nicht,*" as "Neither of us / is going to survive this war" instead of "Both of us will not survive this war" (i.e., either Nazi Germany or Western civilization).

Before Mr. Hochhuth left this country I asked him which of these conflicting interpretations gives the correct rendering of his original text. Mr. Hochhuth has authorized me to state that in both instances the Winston interpretation is completely accurate, and Mr. Simon's own rendering wholly at odds with the author's intent. Not only was no humor intended in the first disputed line, but in the context of the passage any attempt at humor, no matter how "*noir*," would have been in serious violation of good taste, Mr. Hochhuth said. The second example, Mr. Hochhuth confirmed, is indeed a reference to the personal destinies of Gerstein and Jacobson, as the Winstons interpreted it, and not, as Mr. Simon wrongly surmised, the platitude that one of the two hostile powers in the war would eventually overcome the other.

Mr. Simon's brief criticism of the Winston translation abounds in errors of fact, if not in judgment. For instance, any dictionary would have told Mr. Simon that "*Mitwisser*" is properly translated as a person who aids or abets in the commission of an evil act, i.e., an "accessory," as the Winstons correctly rendered it — and not, as Mr. Simon has it in his own "simple," though by no means accurate translation, as "bystander."

Fred Jordan
Editor, Grove Press.

New York City

Dear Sirs: The tone of John Simon's criticism has always reminded me a bit of Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s better broadcasts (rule: away with the facts for the sake of the bon mot), but he does come close to the proverbial last straw in his *Deputy* review. His classifying Herman Shumlin and Jerome Rothenberg alike under "the kinds of vulgarity with which (they) have long been identified" is confusing a Broadway businessman with a — no matter how pretentious and vulgar Mr. Simon may find his work — serious poet and translator, and is very much like condemning John Simon and Fulton Lewis, Jr., in the same breath.

Sara Blackburn

New York City

Dear Sirs: It is interesting that Mr. Jordan, after accusing me of "inadequate understanding" of what happens to be my mother tongue, attempts to refute only three out of the eighteen lapses I selected from a good many more. As for his three points: *Familienweise* means literally "by the family," whereas the Winstons' "whole families" would be "*ganze Familien.*" It is entirely possible that Hochhuth did not intend the frightening *double-entendre* which I emphasized by translating "on the family plan," but the German does have such connotations, and this would not be the first case where the poetry is greater than the poet consciously intended.

On the second point, Mr. Jordan is disingenuous or obtuse. Of course, the reference is to Gerstein and Jacobson, but as members of their teams: the SS, and the Western avengers whom Jacobson intends to join. If Gerstein indeed meant that neither he nor Jacobson could survive the war, why would he be risking his life to smuggle out Jacobson to London?

The literal meaning of *Mitwisser* is, obviously, "accessory to the fact." But as used here, it is metaphorical and refers to a whole world looking on while the Jews die like cattle; thus "bystanders" is tantamount to "accessories to murder," and obviates obviousness while retaining the terseness of the original. But how does Mr. Jordan account for "those who kept silent" and "imperil their immortal souls"—both of them padding, and the latter a grandiloquent platitude?

Now for Mrs. Blackburn. I must remind her that vulgarity, whether practiced on Broadway or in one's study, is still vulgarity and undeserving of casuistic discriminations: putting on *Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling* is no different from putting off Americans from reading Erich Kästner by translating him crudely. As for condemning serious criticism and demagogy in the same bad breath, it is not my utterance but Mrs. Blackburn's which needs the Listerine.

John Simon

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The First Salvo

It is easy enough to disparage President Johnson's dramatic declaration of war on poverty, and some of the disparagement will hit the mark. Included in the program are: a "Job Corps" to provide outdoor work; job training and basic education for young men, principally teen-age Selective Service rejectees; job training for other out-of-work youths; a work-study plan for needy college students; grants and loans for small farmers and loans for small businessmen; rehabilitation for chronic welfare recipients, and assistance for local governments which are trying to do something about poverty in their jurisdictions.

The listing gives an idea of how much there is to be done, but the money appropriated is scarcely enough to do any one of these things adequately, let alone all of them at once. While the headline figure is $963 million for the first year, the total new money is only about $500 million; $463 million was siphoned from similar projects already contained in the budget for fiscal 1965. All the hoopla, therefore, is over half a billion, or about 0.5 per cent of the total federal budget, and less than 0.1 per cent of gross national product. Or, on the basis of the full $963 million, 1 and 0.2 per cent, respectively. Socio-economic tokenism, in short.

Just the same it is a beginning, and in the typical go-getting Johnson manner. Poverty is now officially recognized as an urgent national problem for the first time since the Great Depression. The wedge can be driven in further, and whoever is elected President will not only be in a position to drive it but under irresistible compulsion to do just that. For this accomplishment Mr. Johnson must be given credit. One may be reasonably confident that if he is the people's choice, he will not let the anti-poverty crusade drown in the administrative tar pits.

The thing that is wrong with this first attack is that it has almost nothing to do with the present dynamics of poverty, its causes and the cure — if indeed there is a cure under our way of doing things. What it is concerned with is social pathology in its obvious aspects — school dropouts, youngsters facing a hopeless future, families whose poverty is a part of their social inheritance. Somehow, the President must find in his advisory councils men and women who will have the courage to tell the nation that today's poverty is a consequence of the very success he himself extols. Poverty is the obverse of the shining coin of technological progress and material gain that is subsumed under the "affluent society." The more we advance in machine efficiency, the more we produce or are capable of producing with less manpower, the more social trouble we are storing up. Palliatives are not to be despised in a society which is predominantly self-satisfied, but they do not reach the structural problems of the economy. The distribution of purchasing power and of wealth is not a Gorgon's head which will turn us to stone, and sooner or later we shall have to face it.

Self-Management of the News

On March 10, Sen. Ernest Gruening, speaking on the floor of the Senate, urged that we keep on supplying arms to the South Vietnamese — if they wish to use them. "But," he added, "not our men." "All troops should immediately be relieved of combat assignments. All military dependents should be returned home at once."

The speech ran to 7,000 words, in Senator Gruening's usual cogent style (he could still earn his living as a writer and editor had he not chosen politics). The press gave practically no attention to the Senator's views, at the very moment when it was devoting banner headlines and columns of space to the stale and self-contradictory pronouncements of Secretary McNamara.

Senator Morse, accustomed to this sort of blackout for his own speeches, took umbrage at the treatment of his colleague. He went up to the Senate press gallery and spoke to the wire service reporters. He found out that they had recognized the speech as a major pronouncement and had done their job; it was the newspapers that had not done theirs. On March 13, Senator Morse complained in the Senate that "some editorial forces in this country do not want to give the American people the facts about the shocking American program in South Vietnam. But . . . that will not silence those of us who intend to take this issue to the American people from coast to coast in the days ahead."

What Senator Morse said about editorial forces is in some cases too harsh. The editors of the great metropolitan dailies are, for the most part, informed and responsible men; some of them are even courageous. However, when it comes to a deteriorating situation like that in Vietnam, their very sense of responsibility betrays them. They feel more responsible to the government than to their readers. They fear that if they told the truth they would undercut President Johnson's bargaining position. This is rationalization. The longer we procrastinate, the less we shall have to bargain with. Since this is an election year, the political risks likewise multiply. Suppose there is another coup, without American authorization? Will the Administration's position be more pleasant if our "advisers" in Vietnam are told to get out, instead of negotiating from a position of some residual strength? It happened in Cambodia; it can happen in Vietnam.

The timidity of the press is the more misguided in that neutrality for Southeast Asia is gaining adherents on every side, and the pretense that we are defending

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a beleaguered country against Communist aggression is rapidly becoming untenable. The fact is that we intervened in a civil war, in a country which had just freed itself from colonial subjection, and the odium which formerly attached to the French has now descended on us. A settlement leading to lasting neutrality in the region is not inconceivable, particularly if it were backed up with the sanction and approval of the United Nations. But one prerequisite for peace combined with national dignity is that the press reveal the facts. The people and the President must then deal with them.

For Whom the Bell Rings

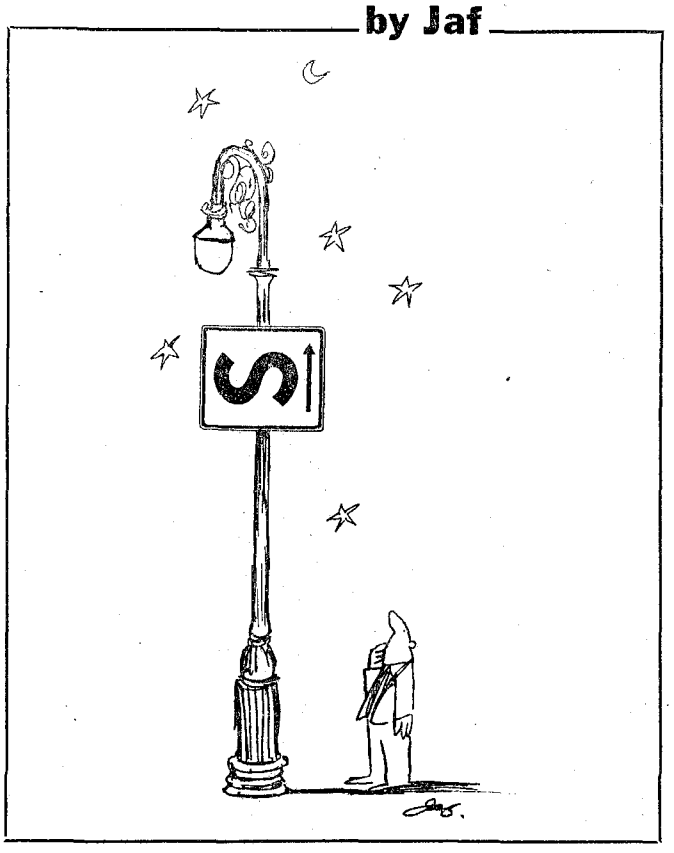
"Let Freedom Ring" is not only the last line of the first stanza of "America," but the name of a unique political answering service. To sample it, look under "Let" in your local telephone directory. If there is no listing, freedom is not yet ringing in your area. If you are among the fortunate, dial the number and you will be treated to a taped two-minute discourse on the infamy of the Supreme Court, Medicare, the National Council of Churches, UNESCO, or individuals like Eleanor Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy.

"Let Freedom Ring" at one time advocated Mr. Kennedy's impeachment: that being no longer feasible, it has switched to the responsibility for his assassination. Did you know that Mrs. Lee Harvey Oswald was a trained pharmacist, a level of education permitted in the Soviet Union only to trusted citizens, and that she was the daughter of a senior officer of a school for assassins in Minsk? Isn't it peculiar, also, that the Oswalds got out of the Soviet Union so easily, while other low-down Americans who marry Russian women find exit difficult? If this has set you to thinking, consider how many assassins could be trained with the $30,000 Mrs. Oswald has received from bleeding-heart Americans.

The origin of these pearls of information has been secret, but enterprising journalists in Sarasota, Fla., have unveiled the mystery. According to the *Sarasota Herald Tribune*, Dr. William C. Douglass is the chief ringer; the other promoters or angels are described by him only as "local patriots." He himself is a young general practitioner, a graduate of Sarasota High, returned home after Navy service and ten months of private practice in California. He talks mostly before youth groups and sounds just like the telephone messages. In a Kiwanis Club address, he lambasted the *Herald Tribune* for its handling of race incidents; e.g., the paper carried stories of the murder of Medgar Evers but neglected three incidents involving Negro attacks on white persons. Dr. Douglass feels the paper has not been fair to General Edwin Walker. He is also sore at the Sarasota Library, which refuses to carry some of his favorite anti-Communist publications, and he disapproves of the description of new books in the *Library Journal*.

The Doctor suggests that it is lots of fun to get a group of friends together and let each one make a

by Jaf



tape. There appears to be some danger in this degree of autonomy. Suppose some nut or infiltrator gets into the sodality and tapes a heresy, like opposing the repeal of the graduated income tax? Vigilance will be required, lest freedom ring out too promiscuously.

The School 'Crime Wave'

Years ago, Lincoln Steffens gave us the classic etiology of the crime wave. The press, he pointed out, could create a crime wave almost at will by prominently reporting the crimes that had been occurring right along.

Currently the press in New York, Chicago, Cleveland and elsewhere is attempting to blow up into a "student crime wave" the attacks on teachers in the schools. Worse, it is attributing these attacks to the protest and boycott movements among Negroes. The press does not deliberately set out to create such an impression. But since, in New York at least, most of the assaults involve Negro or Puerto Rican students (and often Negro teachers), and since there are protest demonstrations by Negroes (thoroughly justified in most cases) and since all these incidents are news, a journalistic correlation is almost automatic.

But the proposition will never stand up under analysis. Some of the most serious crimes are committed outside of school by white children. Assaults on teachers have averaged four or five a day for years in New York. The publicity may have caused a slight rise, since some disturbed juveniles are likely to take up whatever is in fashion, whether Beatles or taking a sock at teacher. Then, the school superintendent's

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order that all untoward incidents should be reported may have magnified the statistics somewhat, since a scuffle which would have been passed over before must now go into the record.

All this is not to minimize the problems of the harassed teacher in the overcrowded school in the overcrowded metropolis. Only, let us not make matters worse by digging up phony correlations. Instead, let us seek the facts. One is suggested by Louis Hay, a clinical coordinator for classes serving troubled children in New York. "We know more than we'll use in 100 years in handling delinquency, overt aggressiveness, childhood maladjustment," says Mr. Hay. "What we need is a whole range of resources, for which the know-how is available but the money is not."

Flaming Censorship

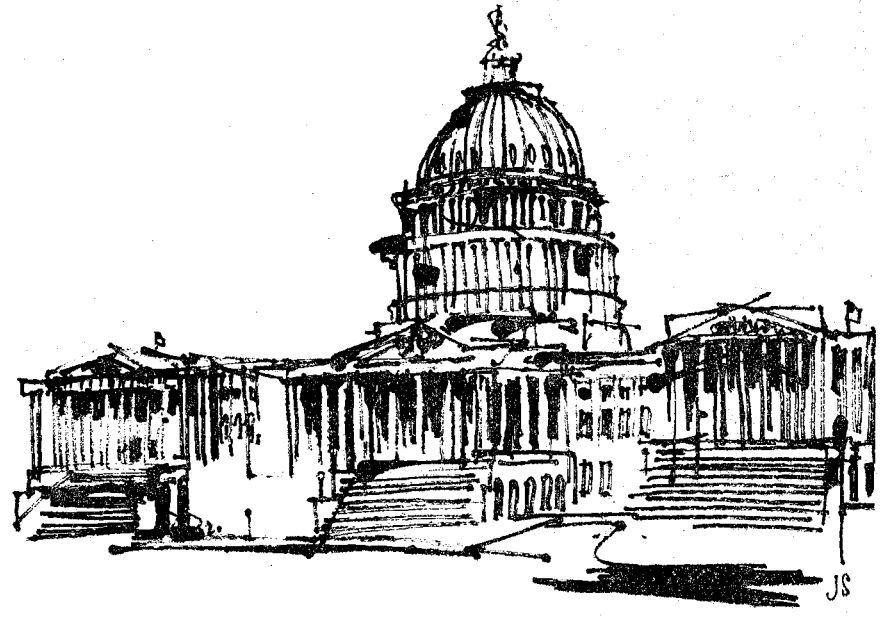
Twice within the same week recently, New York police arrested a group of young film enthusiasts and seized the film they were showing that evening (as well as their projector) on the ground of obscenity. Leader of the group was Jonas Mekas, critic for *The Village Voice* and founder of the New York Film-Makers Cooperative; the two movies were *Un Chant d'Amour*, written and directed by Jean Genet, and the widely discussed *Flaming Creatures*, by a young film maker named Jack Smith. During the same week, the Los Angeles vice squad stopped a film program and seized one of the works being shown — a film by Kenneth Anger, which helped him win a Ford Foundation grant recently.

We could protest that such films have small audiences of sophisticated adults only; that many viewers see aesthetic merit in them; that these artists do not aim to profit by the prurient; that banning merely intensifies appetite, etc. But the basic issue lies beyond. The question of censorship of books and the arts has long been a vexing one for Americans because it has proved impossible for the courts or anyone else to take a position on obscenity in books and the arts which is free from arbitrary, subjective interpretation. To our mind, therefore, the only sound position must be a rejection of censorship per se. Even the banning of hard-core commercial pornography invites trouble, for the censor can and has advanced his attack from this area to others where he has no business to be. This can be an uncomfortable position to maintain, for it requires defending the freedom for that which may be distasteful to some people — perhaps even to the majority. But what else makes sense in a nation taking pride in its heritage of freedom? And what else permits the exploration and experimentation which sustain creativity?

THEIR MEN in WASHINGTON . . . . Fred J. Cook

On March 24, 1962, Senator Albert Gore (D., Tenn.) made a speech in Middlebury, Vt., that was to bring foreign lobbyists squirming out of the woodwork and raise fundamental questions. Just how much of America's foreign policy is really being made by Americans? And how much is the result of foreign brainwashing, foreign pressure — and even outright purchase?

The Senator, speaking of the situation in Portuguese colonies under the Salazar dictatorship, had made the seemingly mild and common-sense recommendation that the United States should re-examine its aid to Portugal to make certain it was not used to "kill, punish or intimidate Africans." The implications were by no means new. For years the American press had carried uncomplimentary references to conditions in some of the Portuguese colonies, especially Angola. There had been a bloody uprising in northern Angola on March 15, 1961; and in the light of this, in the light of past history, Senator Gore's suggestion seemed to many a minimal proposal.



Less than a month after the Middlebury speech, some 200 Tennessee newspapers received a patriotically couched letter to the editor taking Senator Gore sternly to task.

"We feel your Senator has been misled," the letter stated. It painted a glowing picture of Portuguese colonialism, concluding with the charge that "the Angolan situation has been misrepresented by forces

Fred J. Cook's The FBI Nobody Knows, *expanded from a special issue of* The Nation, *will be published by Macmillan this spring.*

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which wish to break the Western alliance asunder and, eventually, destroy both Portugal and the United States." There could be only one deduction: Senator Gore had been a patsy for the Communist line.

The real patsies, however, were the Tennessee editors who printed the accusation. The letter looked on the face of it to be a spontaneous effusion. It came from the Portuguese-American Committee on Foreign Affairs, and was signed by Martin T. Camacho, the committee's chairman. In breast-beating patriotism, it proclaimed: "We wish to emphasize that the members of the Portuguese-American Committee on Foreign Affairs are citizens of the United States and that our first interest is the security and welfare of the United States."

Portuguese Front Man

That "first interest" began to recede when Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, got around to questioning Martin T. Camacho in the spring of 1963. Fulbright's committee was digging into the conduct of foreign lobbying in the United States, and it found Camacho a highly interesting exhibit. A Boston lawyer with a Ph.D. from Harvard, he had become active in the sizable Portuguese-American community in Massachusetts as chairman of the 1960 Prince Henry Quincentennial Anniversary celebration. This prominence had brought him a windfall.

The public relations firm of Selvage & Lee, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, headed by James P. Selvage, who had been in charge of publicity for the Republican National Committee in 1943-44, had obtained a fat contract to pretty up the Portuguese image in America. Selvage & Lee's employers were a group of Portuguese firms, in some of which the Portuguese Government held important stakes. The contract was worth $500,000 to Selvage & Lee in fees and expenses; and the public relations firm, not illogically from its standpoint, decided that Martin T. Camacho would be worth $400 a week, plus expenses, to serve as its front man.

As for the Portuguese-American Committee on Foreign Affairs, it existed — but just barely. Selvage & Lee had suggested, Camacho testified, that he set up such a committee. Its figurehead status, the fact that even its members did not know by whom they were being used, was brought out in Fulbright's sharp questioning.

Q. When you formed this committee, did you inform these people you have mentioned that you were in the employ of Selvage & Lee?

A. I told them what I was doing.

Q. That isn't answering my question. Did you inform them you were in the employ of Selvage & Lee? Being paid by them?

A. I told them I was being paid but I didn't tell them I was with Selvage & Lee.

Q. How did you tell them you were being paid?

A. By some firm.

Q. What firm?

A. In Washington. . . .

Q. Did you tell the members of that committee that you were in the employ of a registered agent of a foreign principal?

A. No, sir.

Having set up such a well-camouflaged mouthpiece organization, Selvage & Lee was in a position to hound a Senator without itself appearing to have initiated the attack. Asked how the letter blasting Senator Gore in his home-state newspapers had been prepared, Camacho replied:

I would say this letter was prepared by Selvage & Lee. . . . Read by me, and perhaps corrected by me, but to what extent I do not recall.

Q. Did the members of the Portuguese-American Committee pass upon this letter?

A. No.

Q. They had never seen it, had they?

A. No.

Q. And it was never sent to them, was it?

A. No. . . .

This attack upon a Senator in the name of a committee that had never seen its own alleged words, on behalf of a foreign power and with money supplied by that power, raises the gravest questions about the functioning of democratic processes. Senator Fulbright put the issue squarely in this exchange with Camacho:

Q. . . . You are going directly to his constituents and stating that he has been misled, that he is suffering from misapprehensions and that he doesn't really know about aid to Portugal, aren't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Don't you think this is a rather serious interference with the normal democratic processes of this country?

A. No, sir.

The exposure of the attack on Senator Gore was only one of a number of startling disclosures made by the Fulbright committee in a year-long series of hearings. The purpose of the Fulbright committee was to determine how well the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938 was working. It provided that agents paid by a foreign power must register with the Secretary of State, giving the name and location of their employer, the nature of the service to be rendered and the amount of compensation to be paid. In the twenty-five years since the passage of the Act, there had been no checkup on its administration and there was reason to suspect that it was being disregarded. The issue posed was the basic one of an ability of Americans to make up their own minds on the basis of solid knowledge about cardinal principles of foreign policy.

In his opening remarks at the first hearing of his committee on February 4, 1963, Senator Fulbright conceded that it may be necessary at times for foreign governments to hire American experts and technicians. Then he added:

However, there is a distinction, I think, between the employment of U.S. citizens for purely technical or legal guidance and employment of Americans for those activities which traditionally have been performed by regularly accredited diplomatic personnel, diplomatic personnel who, incidentally, our Government may or may not accredit, as it wishes. For example, it is one thing for a U.S. citizen to represent or advise a foreign government or interest group in a highly complicated proceeding before the Tariff Commission, and quite another to attempt to influence the press, the public, or the Government on basic foreign policy issues involving the country he represents and our own.

Junkets, Fees and Favors

In pursuit of such data, the Fulbright committee was to lay bare many a shocker. It was to disclose a widely prevalent system of paid junkets, fees and special favors that corrupted vital media of information. It was to demonstrate how foreign lobbyists, on occasion, wrote speeches for Congressmen, used Congressional offices as their own, even mailed out their propaganda under Congressional frank.

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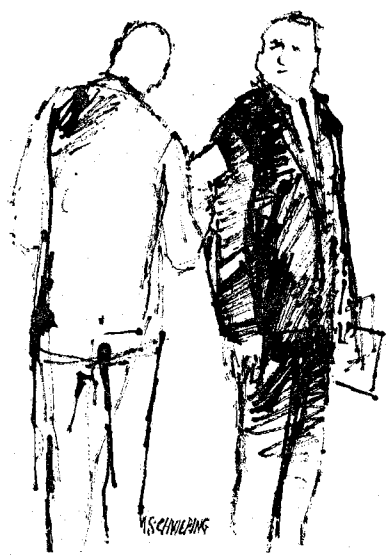
It was to reveal how foreign money found its way into domestic politics, buying tickets to $100-a-plate party functions, at times even contributing directly to the re-election campaigns of Congressmen and Senators. And it was to turn up the reverse side of the picture, exposing the manner in which American public relations agents frequently exaggerated their influence and encouraged the belief that, if the foreign client would only spend lavishly enough, there was hardly an American who was not for hire. The truth is bad enough, but the pretensions of publicity make it worse. To understand the extent, to appreciate how a system works that produces such effects, it will be necessary to take a close look at some specific cases.



On March 25, 1961, Senator Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.) was sitting at his desk in the well of the Senate, listening to a debate, when his administrative assistant, Howard E. Shuman, came hurrying down the aisle toward him. In hurried whispers, Shuman told the Senator that he had been in a corridor near Douglas' office in the Old Senate Office Building when a man had brushed by him and shoved an envelope containing a $500 check into his hand.

The check had been made out to Senator Douglas by John O'Donnell, a Washington lawyer-lobbyist who was becoming notorious as a 10 per center, wheeling and dealing in Philippine war claims. In a note enclosed with the check, O'Donnell suggested politely that the money might come in handy to buy half a table's worth of tickets at the $100-a-plate birthday dinner for President Kennedy on May 27.

O'Donnell's finagling had not yet come to public notice, but it was already operating as a potent, behind-the-scenes force. During the 1960 campaign, O'Donnell had dished out more than $9,000 in contributions to favored candidates. Of this, Douglas had received and reported $100. He had not known at the time, he said, who O'Donnell was or what was his interest; and when he found out, it made no difference in his own conduct. He had recently voted against O'Donnell's pet war claims bill. The $500 check following so closely on the heels of this opposition had an odor about it that Douglas didn't like, and he dictated a letter to O'Donnell, returning the money.

Cashing in on War Claims

The story of John O'Donnell and the Philippine war claims illustrates how one man, with enough know-how and money at his disposal, can reap a fortune at the taxpayers' expense. Underlying O'Donnell's maneuvers, making them possible, was genuine American concern about the state of the Philippine economy, wrecked by the Japanese occupation and the destructive battles of World War II. Philippine independence had been scheduled for July 4, 1946, and the United States had become properly fearful that it would come at a moment of economic prostration. Congress, therefore, in one of our better altruistic gestures, appropriated $400 million to get the Philippine economy moving again.

In the light of O'Donnell's subsequent intrigues, it becomes especially important to understand how explicitly Congress stated its purpose. The report of the House Committee on Insular Affairs said that the bill . . . "is not a private claims measure to reimburse individuals or organizations for damage incurred in the war. The primary function of the payments is to assist and encourage rehabilitation and rebuilding of the economy and social structure of the nation."

To administer the Act, Congress established the Philippines War Damage Commission, and it was at this point that John O'Donnell entered the picture. A graduate of Georgetown University Law School, he had served in the Judge Advocate's Corps during the war, rising to the rank of major. In 1947, following his discharge from the Army, President Truman appointed him to the War Damage Commission to pass on Philippine claims. The other members were Frank A. Waring and Judge Francisco A. Delgado, Philippine representative.

Senator Fulbright, in opening his committee's investigation of O'Donnell's activities, emphasized that it was Congress' clear intention to limit payment on Philippine war claims to the appropriated $400 million. The commission was empowered to pay individual claims up to $500 in full and to pay an additional 52.5 per cent on war losses above that amount. Significantly, when in 1951 the War Damage Commission urged Congress to appropriate additional money to pay up to 75 per cent of all claims, Congress buried the recommendation.

The fact that the originally appropriated $400 million was to represent the United States' full commitment seems to have been so well understood by everybody that, initially, even in the Philippines there was little agitation for a further sum. Delgado and O'Donnell had to work hard to whet such anticipations. They had ended their service on the War Damage Commission in March, 1951, and by December, Delgado was writing O'Donnell that he was trying to organize an association in the Philippines to seek more money. Would O'Donnell be ready to assist in Washington? O'Donnell replied that he would. But Delgado, in a letter written January 13, 1952, sounded discouraged. He reported that "enthusiasm on the part of the interested parties and the government here has cooled off. Nothing has been done and no one seems to be interested. . . ."

O'Donnell reported that he had discussed the prospect of getting additional war claims money with Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine Ambassador to the United States, and he added: "I know the Ambassador would give us unqualified support in such an endeavor." Nevertheless, the campaign dragged. Eisenhower came to office, intent on balancing the budget, and the atmosphere at the moment wasn't favorable.

Time, of course, changes all things, and Delgado and O'Donnell were persistent. Delgado in the Philippines took to the radio and organized the Philippine War Damage Association. It was, O'Don-

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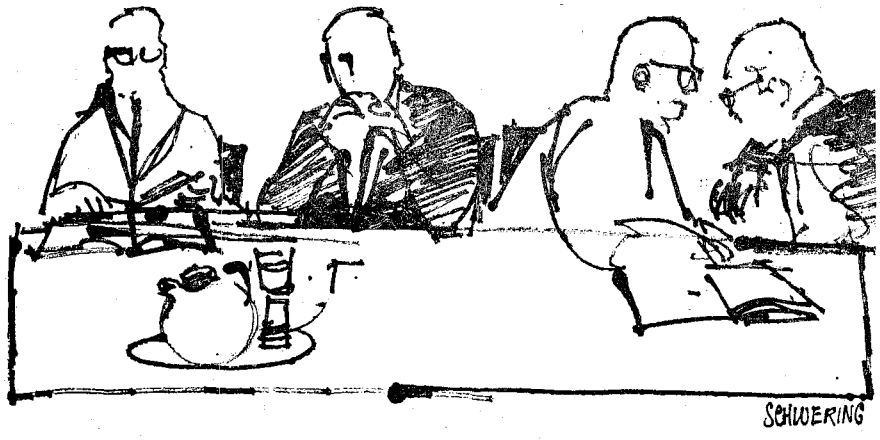

nell later testified, a paper front: "really a figment of the imagination because it was just Delgado's idea of having an association to win some support [and] get a retainer, to be actually honest about this thing." Whatever the motive, Delgado's persistent propagandizing attracted the attention of powerful businesses that stood to gain from more war claims payments—and so, finally, the attention and interest of the Philippine Government.

The Eisenhower administration, having become convinced that the budget couldn't be balanced anyway, gradually became less thrift-conscious, and finally, in 1958, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles yielded to Filipino importunities and promised that the administration would ask Congress to appropriate additional war claims funds. This was the turning point. On March 10, 1958, O'Donnell wrote Delgado that he had "drafted for introduction" a bill that Rep. George P. Miller (R., Calif.) would put forward. O'Donnell thought the prospects of immediate success were not good, but he was now optimistic about the long-range result. He wrote: "I think we should get our ducks in a row at this time."

This lining up of the "ducks" involved specific steps. Delgado was to make an arrangement "with all of the substantial claimants" for the payment of a fee as high as the law would allow, probably 10 per cent, but no less than 5, to the two men (Delgado and O'Donnell) who were to produce the windfall.

By the end of January, 1959, O'Donnell was reporting that Rep. Clement J. Zablocki (D., Wis.), chairman of the key subcommittee on the Far East of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, was "most friendly" and "should be the natural one to introduce our bill." O'Donnell's influence with Zablocki was underlined again in a memorandum he wrote February 9, 1959, to José Romero, secretary-treasurer of the Philippine Sugar Association: "The enclosed editorial from *The New York Times* of the 8th is very good and very timely. *I hurriedly changed Zablocki's introductory speech to accompany the bill . . .* using the editorial to advantage." (Italics added.)

With pressure building for the United States to abandon its years-long position and dish out more millions to the Philippines, the State Department now almost wrecked all of O'Donnell's plans. It recommended that, if further payments were to be made, they should be made directly to the Philippine Government, not to individual claimants. O'Donnell saw his 10 per cent fees flying out the window, and in cables to the Philippine Sugar Association, warned that Congressmen whom he had wooed were so dedicated to the principle of individual payments that "they will not vote for legislation to pay war damage funds in any amount to the Philippine government."

A Very Big Kitty

O'Donnell evidently convinced his clients. His campaign to wrest an additional $73 million from the federal treasury now looked really promising; and with the elections of 1960 in the offing, he suggested it might be wise to contribute to the re-election campaigns of friendly Congressmen and Senators. He made the proposal, he testified, to Gerald Wilkinson, first vice president of the Philippine Sugar Association. Back into O'Donnell's hands, via the Philippine Embassy, came a draft for $18,000. O'Donnell himself later protested to Fulbright's committee that he had been astounded at the size of this political kitty. "As a matter of fact, Senator, let's face it, I was flabbergasted." O'Donnell appears to have been so flabbergasted that he never could straighten out in his own mind the ethics of the situation. In testimony marked by ambivalence, he always insisted that his contributions carried no taint with them, that he expected no specific return for his friendly support. And yet, in more philosophical mood, he faced up to the reality in this soliloquy before the Fulbright committee:

> *From a social and philosophical standpoint I might not favor a system under which candidates for public office must rely either on their own personal wealth or resources contributed by individuals and groups which may have special interests to present or maintain.*
>
> *However, in the practice of my profession, I am not permitted to dwell long on abstractions. In serving the best interests of my clients, I am compelled to do whatever is legally authorized and sanctioned by common consent regardless of what in a long-term evaluation might be judged socially and ethically most preferable.*

But O'Donnell's actions, as brought out in his testimony before the committee, seemed to indicate that even he had little faith in his contention that nothing irregular was involved, for the skein of checks that flowed from the $18,000 slush fund became so twisted and so complicated that O'Donnell himself couldn't completely explain it. What he had done, evidently, was draw checks to himself for money he wished to pass on; then with the cash he purchased cashiers' checks to go to the lucky parties. The resulting entanglements were such that O'Donnell was unable to tell at times what O'Donnell got and kept, as distinguished from what others got and kept. One point did become clear, though: Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo, the Filipino patriot who has been especially beloved by American millionaires, had been a party to the scheme:

> FULBRIGHT: . . . Did you consult with Mr. Romulo about this?
>
> O'DONNELL: Did I? Yes, sir.
>
> FULBRIGHT: Did you consult with him as to whom the checks were to be given?
>
> O'DONNELL: Yes, sir.

Disclosure of the Romulo-O'Donnell list of political favorites was a slow and painful process. In a letter to the Fulbright committee on

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January 23, 1963, O'Donnell told where some of the money had gone; but even at this stage, with full revelation being forced upon him, he withheld certain significant items. Even so, his original and partial list was an eye-opener:

Contributions of $500: Senators Jennings Randolph (D., W. Va.), Allen J. Frear (D., Del.) and Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.); Reps. George P. Miller(D., Calif.), Walter H. Judd (R., Minn.) and William E. Miller (R., N.Y.), the present Republican National Chairman, then head of his party's Congressional Campaign Committee.

Contribution of $400: Rep. Clifford G. McIntire, (R., Me.).

Contributions of $300: Reps. John D. Dingell (D., Mich.) and Robert W. Levering (D., O.).

Contributions of $200: Reps. W. R. Poage (D., Tex.), Earl J. Hogan (D., Ind.), Eugene J. Keogh (D., Brooklyn), Daniel J. Flood (D., Pa.), W. Pat Jennings (D., Va.) and Albert H. Quie (R., Minn.).

Contributions of $100: Senators Pat McNamara (D., Mich.), E. L. Bartlett (D., Alas.) and Douglas; Reps. Stanley Prokop (D., Pa.), James J. Delaney (D., N.Y.) and Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr. (D., Mass.).

When Fulbright got around to questioning O'Donnell, it became evident that this list had a few gaps. O'Donnell's most monumental failure to recall involved a $2,000 check to the obliging Congressman Zablocki. O'Donnell tried to argue that he hadn't reported this check because it had been charged to his own personal account of $5,300 and not against the $18,000 he got from the Philippines. Under Fulbright's questioning, it appeared, however, that O'Donnell's $5,300 derived from the original $18,000.

In a similar category was a $1,000 check made out to Edward McCormack, the Attorney General of Massachusetts and the nephew of Rep. John W. McCormack, soon to become Speaker of the House and now, after the assassination of President Kennedy, the next in line for the Presidency.

The great majority of O'Donnell's "friends" were re-elected, and his campaign now reached its climax. Aside from the contribution issue, the manner in which the 1962 war claims bill was drafted and passed by Congress furnished some eyebrow-raising developments. O'Donnell exhibited a certain sensitivity in discussing Congressman Zablocki. Though his correspondence indicated he had drafted other bills and even had a hand in writing introductory speeches for congenial Congressmen, he disclaimed all such behind-the-scenes masterminding with respect to Zablocki's finally successful bill.

Q. Did you confer with Mr. Zablocki about the change in the bill?

A. I talked to Mr. Zablocki many times with respect to this bill.

Q. Did you assist Mr. Zablocki in drawing up the bill?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did he draw it up?

A. I think the staff [of the Foreign Affairs Committee] drew it up.

A problem arose because the House's individual-payment bill had no counterpart in the Senate. (Senator Fulbright himself had introduced the Eisenhower 1960 bill providing for the payment of $73 million directly to the Philippine Government.) So O'Donnell, in one incautious letter to the Philippine Sugar Association, wrote, "I have had today in the Senate introduced a similar bill by Senator Humphrey, of Minnesota, Democratic whip and a senior member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee." Under questioning by Fulbright and Sen. Bourke B. Hickenlooper (R., Ia.), O'Donnell insisted that this was not a strictly accurate statement; that he had perhaps overbilled himself, giving his client an exaggerated impression of his role and influence. Hickenlooper wanted to know if he had deceived his client or was now deceiving the committee, and O'Donnell explained: "I took the bill to Senator Humphrey's office, and asked him to introduce it, but arrangements had been previously made by General Romulo."

The Impartial Lobbyist

Now occurred a series of events that were to lead in the spring of 1963, after Fulbright's exposure of O'Donnell, to angry charges that fraud had been practiced on Congress. O'Donnell testified that he had appeared before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in 1961 at Zablocki's request. Naturally, he had supported the bill he had been so instrumental in getting introduced — but, significantly, he had supported it in the guise of an impartial and expert witness, a former War Damage Commissioner, and at no time had he mentioned the fact that he was a lobbyist for the bill and expected to profit hugely from it. ". . . it just never occurred to me to make any statement of that," he told Fulbright.

There was opposition testimony. Frank Waring, one of the original war damage Commissioners with Delgado and O'Donnell, testified that the government had never made any commitment to pay additional claims. Douglas Dillon, then Under Secretary of State, subsequently Secretary of the Treasury in the Kennedy administration, had argued persuasively that, if additional payments were to be made, they should be lump-sum payments to the Philippine Government. Strangely, however, when Zablocki's committee got around to printing the record, the testimony of Waring and Dillon was omitted.

Both the House and Senate had then passed the $73 million war claims bill, and after Fulbright's explosive hearings, members of both houses protested that they had been deceived. Zablocki roared back: "I categorically deny that any testimony was withheld as a result of the request of anybody." Testimony taken in private hearings, he argued, had been printed only if the witness or some member of the committee requested it.

Fulbright, backed up by angry Senators who resented being duped, attached a rider to an appropriation bill, reversing the effect of the Act. The rider provided for payment to the Philippine Government and banned payment of any fees to lobbyists who had helped to engineer passage of the measure. The House, in angry rebellion at this overturning of its handiwork, rejected the Fulbright formula, and for six weeks House-Senate conferees simmered and wrangled over the issue. Finally, a compromise was reached. Much to the anguish of Filipino-American corporations that had expected to get the bulk of the $73 million windfall, a strict limitation of $25,000 was imposed on the amount that could be paid to any one firm or individual. The remainder of the money is to be paid to the Philippine Government to set up an educational fund. In addition, the war claims compromise in its final form specifically prohibited the payment of any fees to former officials of the Philippine War Damage Commission. This outcome, represented a disaster for O'Donnell. However, he had profited hugely

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in earlier deals, and by his activities he had reversed a firmly stated American policy and made possible a $75 million raid on the federal treasury.

Trujillo's Benefactions

The power of the pay-off to influence American life and policies has never been better illustrated than in the career of the late Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, who for a quarter of a century dominated the misnamed Dominican Republic.

In late December, 1963, Arturo R. Espaillat, one-time head of Trujillo's secret service, told Peter Kihss, of *The New York Times*, that The Benefactor, in a mere five years, had showered "at least $5 million" on "some U.S. Congressmen and State Department officials." Espaillat estimated a similar amount had been lavished on lawyers and public relations men as part of Trujillo's campaign to "take care of" the American press and public.

Though Espaillat charged that Americans had recovered secret Trujillo files containing some of the details of this system of corruption, the State Department haughtily denied it had any such information and denounced Espaillat as thoroughly unreliable. It is true that the words of disgruntled secret agents of a fallen dictator must be weighed with caution, but Espaillat had been in a position to know, and his charges, though names were omitted for libel's sake, were detailed and specific.

The Benefactor, he wrote in *Trujillo: The Last Caesar*, had matters down to such a science he even had a price-scale list for the bribes he paid. An ordinary Representative "would cost about $5,000 or less." A few House chairmen were rated at "about three times that much." Senators came higher, and key Senate chairmen "might be worth $50,000 to $75,000." Espaillat recalled one instance in 1957 in which Trujillo, through a middleman, "turned over $75,000 to a powerful Atlantic seaboard Senator," but received in return only a single speech denouncing Communists in the Caribbean. "Altogether, pay-offs to that one Senator totaled about $225,000."

When money wouldn't do the job, Trujillo employed sex. Espaillat charged that Dominican agents provided a blonde for "a State Department official" visiting their capital; shipped off a Palace girl to the Washington Embassy to be "readily available" for one "prominent Southern Senator"; and sent another to Washington "to become the permanent mistress of a New York Congressman."

In addition to his solicitude for our public servants, Trujillo was generous to the American press. Pursuing this side of his benevolence, the Fulbright committee turned a searchlight on the activities of the Dominican Republic Information Center, a New York publicity conduit headed by Harry Klemfuss and largely directed by his son Richard. The center had a particularly happy association with Hearst's International News Service, at that time one of the three great wire services, which was supposedly supplying undoctored information to the American public. INS, the Fulbright committee disclosed, had set up a thing called the Special Services Division. Special Services was available to anyone who, like Trujillo, had at his disposal uninhibited amounts of cash.

Legmen for Trujillo

The committee showed through correspondence culled from Dominican Information Center files that the coziest of arrangements existed in April, 1953, between INS and the late Harry Klemfuss. Generalissimo Trujillo was then picturing himself as defender of the free West against the Communist menace. In the course of this demonstration, he had produced the so-called "Trujillo plan" under which he hopefully envisioned all Latin America riding behind his banners in a great crusade. In his effort to whip up comment and excitement about this plan, the dictator enlisted INS Special Services as virtually his own research agency. INS Special Services was to round up comment from UN delegates and Latin American Embassies, and it is quite obvious that it was to do so in the guise of an impartial news service. In a letter to Trujillo on April 27, Harry Klemfuss explained the arrangements with INS:

> *We have already agreed, in principle, that the International News Service should take charge of the proposed program of interviews in Washington—as a service to Harry C. Klemfuss, since the International News Service would not agree to do so directly for the Government. It should be pointed out that the persons interviewed* will have not to know at any time who the sponsors are of the search for information. (*Emphasis added.*)

Klemfuss disclosed that UN delegates had already been brain-picked by Michael Wilson, of Radio Free Europe, operating under a similar Trujillo arrangement, and he mentioned a couple of top INS staffers in the Washington Bureau who might handle the interviewing assignments there. Total cost to Trujillo was estimated by Klemfuss at $850.

The extremely close working relationship between Trujillo fronts and supposedly impartial newsmen, indicated in this correspondence, was amply documented in further disclosures of the Fulbright committee. Correspondence showed that Michael Wilson, of Radio Free Europe, was a regular producer of surveys for the Klemfuss propaganda mill. Another valuable contact was Pierre Huss, the UN correspondent for INS. Richard Klemfuss described Huss as an old friend of his father's and speculated that Huss might have been laboring for free, just for old time's sake, a hypothesis that the committee received with a good deal of skepticism.

In any event, correspondence indicated that Pierre Huss had not gone totally without reward. A letter of April 10, 1953, from the Dominican Information Center informed Huss "that Generalissimo Trujillo's private plane will be made available to you and your friends on or about April 24 in New York for the flight to Ciudad Trujillo."

Richard Klemfuss explained that Trujillo had just purchased a PBY and that Huss, Wilson and a number of other influential newsmen — he couldn't recall exactly who they were — had made the trip. The closeness of Huss's ties to the Trujillo regime was indicated in a letter from Harry Klemfuss to Manuel de Moya Alonzo, then Trujillo's Secretary of State, on December 14, 1955. Klemfuss wrote that he was forwarding a memorandum "containing some points" which Trujillo might want "to consider including in his December 20 address." Klemfuss added: "The material was prepared by Pierre Huss of the International News Service especially for consideration by Generalissimo Trujillo."

The hand of Pierre Huss now

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showed itself in the notorious Galindez case. Trujillo had decided, after a couple of *Time-Life* exposés and one special hour-long Ed Murrow radio broadcast, that a whitewash job was needed. Dipping into his treasury for a slush fund that eventually was to exceed half a million dollars, he hired Sidney Baron, the New York press agent who was the voice of Tammany Hall and Carmine De Sapio, to take charge of a special inquiry that, in the end, of course, would almost certainly reveal that Trujillo had nothing to do with the disappearance of the Columbia University instructor. Baron enlisted the services of Morris Ernst, under whose aegis the Galindez investigation would be conducted. Newspapers, naturally, were virtually compelled to comment on this weird state of affairs, and even Hearst's New York *Journal-American* was inspired to utter some grave thoughts. These thoughts, however, as the Fulbright record shows, underwent considerable revision before they saw the light of day. A letter from Harry Klemfuss to the Dominican Ambassador in Washington indicates what happened:

Your Honor: This is to inform you that our mutual, distinguished friend, Mr. Pierre Huss, was invited by the Hearst chain editorial writers to comment on or amend a draft editorial which was planned on July 22 for today's edition of the Journal-American *and then to be distributed to the entire chain.*

Mr. Huss informed us—privately—that he succeeded in changing the wording of the original copy and that, after numerous consultations and counterproposals, the editorial came out in the final, published form in order to comply with the recommendations of Mr. Huss who thought that the first copy was not at all favorable to the interests of the Dominican Republic. . . .

That mid-summer of 1957 was a busy time in the Galindez case. The *American Mercury*, then published by Russell Maguire, printed an article, "What's Behind the Galindez Case?" by Harold Lord Varney. The thesis was that Trujillo was lily white and that the Galindez case was a Communist plot. Richard Klemfuss, who had by this time become more active in his father's propaganda agency, was questioned by Senator Fulbright about the manner in which the *Mercury* article came to be written and disseminated through the widespread distribution of reprints.

Q. Did the Dominican Republic Information Center reimburse the *American Mercury* for reprinting the Galindez article?

A. It wouldn't be reimbursement. We would have sponsored it, I imagine. We would have bought the reprints.

Q. Well, you paid them for the reprints?

A. Yes.

Q. Did the Dominican Republic Information Center have anything to do with the preparation of this article?

A. No. Perhaps supplying the information, but not the writing of it. . . .

Q. Who is Harold Varney?

A. Harold Varney is a writer for the *American Mercury* and other publications.

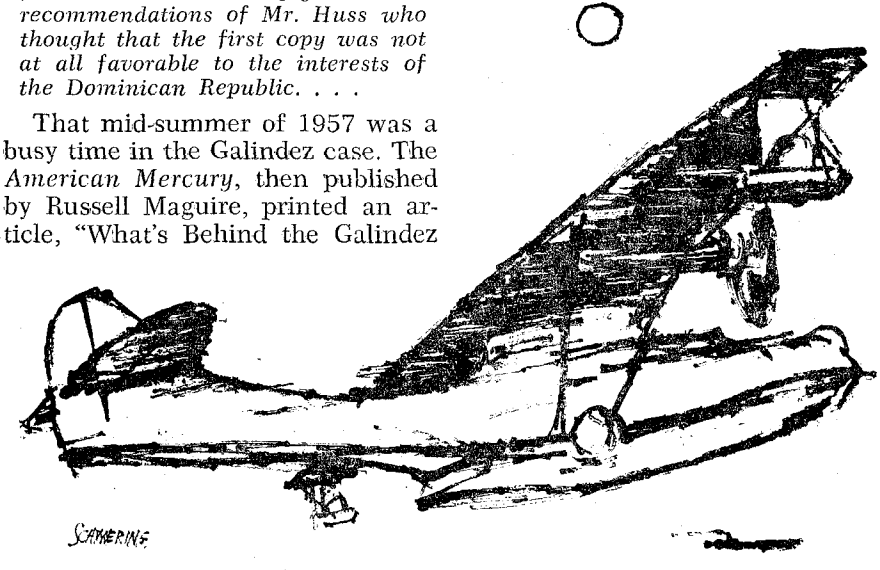
Q. Did he perform any services for the Dominican Republic Information Center?

A. At one time he did a digest of a report on, I think it was the Ernst Report, on the Galindez case.

Q. Was he paid by the information center for that?

A. I believe so, yes.

Just how much the *Mercury* itself was paid was never brought out, but indications that sizable subsidies were expected may be found in a letter written by Klemfuss on June 25, 1959, to his Trujillo employers: "Russell Maguire . . . is quite angry and currently refused an article by the writer or anybody else on the Dominican Republic, for lack of considering a past proposal on reprints."



Another way in which Trujillo managed to gild his image was through an organization with the high-sounding title, U.S. Press Association. This outfit, located in Washington, wrote and distributed editorials to American newspapers that were either too lazy or too intellectually sterile to produce their own. By paying U.S. Press Association $125, Trujillo could purchase for himself a flattering word portrait that would wind up in the American press. In 1957, for example, Trujillo bought an editorial glorifying his regime on the occasion of the dedication of the Palace of Diego Columbus.

The Editorial Mill

The extent and significance of the subtle mental indoctrination that was carried on under the wing of this commercial enterprise became clear when Robert Nelson Taylor, president and editor of the U.S. Press Association, appeared before the Fulbright committee. He testified that he had about 300 "clients," including such high-pressure public relations concerns as Selvage & Lee and Klemfuss' Dominican Republic Information Center. Editorials that he wrote to order were sent to 1,399 American newspapers, some 150 dailies, the rest weeklies and biweeklies or bimonthlies. On an average, about 10 per cent of the papers to which it was sent would use a given editorial.

Fulbright asked Taylor if he didn't think "the editor of the respective papers ought to have the opportunity, in the exercise of his judgment, to know the origin of the editorial along with you." Taylor disagreed. "Well, sir, frankly I do not," he said. Editors must know, he said, that material they were getting for free must be paid for by "such fees," and it wasn't necessary to spell out the specific source.

If even the editor shall not know explicitly, it is obvious that the reading public has no chance of knowing. Nor, under the Special Services system employed by great wire agencies, could the highest officials have any assurance that their views were being sought as legitimate comment and not by a

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secret-service newsman acting on behalf of a hidden client. This aspect of affairs startled Fulbright.

He commented that it was obvious that the ease with which INS could furnish information "stems in large part from the advantages traditionally allowed the press. . . . The management of INS appears at times to have used these advantages accorded the press for commercial purposes of their special service clients even when those clients may be in the service of a foreign government. . . ."

In 1958, INS merged with UP, but virtually the same system operated under the new UPI. UPI witnesses contended that there was no working relationship between its news desk and its Special Services division, as there had been in INS. However, a UPI promotional blurb followed almost the identical pattern of the earlier INS sales sheet, pledging that "the reporting facilities of the world's largest newsgathering organization" would be placed at the disposal of a client "on a commercial basis." Fulbright wanted to know whether a UPI reporter, acting on behalf of such a client, was "under any instructions to make known the client. . . ."

"Not necessarily, sir," he was told.

The contention that UPI could indulge in crass commercialization on one hand, and remain simon pure and impartial in its news handling on the other, received some rough handling when Fulbright questioned Earl J. Johnson, vice president and editor of UPI, and C. Edmonds Allen, manager of UPI's Special Services Bureau:

FULBRIGHT: What is your policy with regard to permitting your reporters and editors to hold outside jobs with public relations men along with their duties as UPI employees?

JOHNSON: Our practice is to discourage it.

FULBRIGHT: Well, is it prohibited?

JOHNSON: Yes. . . . If I knew of anybody doing that I would have it stopped.

FULBRIGHT: Why don't you let them do it?

JOHNSON: Because I think it would be a conflict with their basic responsibility to the service and put them in a position of special pleaders.

FULBRIGHT: That strikes me as a very sound policy. But I don't understand why, if you feel that way about your reporters, why you don't feel that way about UPI itself, because it is in effect doing this by servicing these public relations firms, isn't it?

Johnson tried to argue that UPI was made of such stiff moral fiber that it could resist the temptation of "special pleading," but Fulbright tore the pretense to tatters. "They are not going to hire you just for fun," he said, speaking of public relations agencies. ". . . They expect to get something valuable for which they pay, which involves the prestige and influence and reputation of the UPI, and their employees, especially their employees . . . who enjoy in this Capital a very high reputation as men of integrity and intelligence and people whom you can trust. . . . I think this is what you are selling."

Sweet Money

Such was the manner in which Trujillo and others played ducks and drakes with American public opinion, expending millions of dollars in covert operations designed to influence key executives of information media, to manufacture and disseminate opinion, to indoctrinate. But that was only part of the story. What about those other millions that, according to Espaillat, Trujillo funneled into the American free enterprise system in his effort to woo Senators and Congressmen? When one turns to this side of the tale, one becomes involved in sugar — and in more than one sense of the word.

Behind the sugar lobbying, whose excesses were enough almost to scandalize a lobbyist, lies a decades-long gouge of the American consumer. Ever since 1934, a Sugar Act, periodically reviewed and repassed by Congress, has regulated importation and pegged prices at artificially high levels, ostensibly to stabilize foreign production and at the same time to protect American beet sugar interests. Senator Douglas has estimated that over the years the American consumer has paid $10 billion in excess sugar prices, a figure that causes the industry, passionately devoted to the free-enterprise system, to shout about gross exaggeration.

The facts show, however, that Senator Douglas isn't exaggerating much, if at all. In 1962, when the Sugar Act underwent its last periodic review, we were paying a premium of 2.8c a pound above the world price. These few cents, when multiplied by the pounds consumed, meant that American consumers were being overcharged $550 million a year for their sugar; it came, in the five-year period covered by the Sugar Act, to $2.75 billion.

Inevitably, with such finger-sticking loot up for grabs, there was an unseemly scramble to see who could hog the most. It had been going on for years, but the 1962 imbroglio was especially engaging because one zestful ingredient had been added — a man named Castro. Normally, the United States imported about 3 million tons of sugar a year from Cuba, and the taste of the product had never been embittered for us by the taint of the Batista dictatorship. However, once we were convinced of Castro's Red-tinted ideology, Cuban sugar became absolutely unpalatable, and in revulsion we banned the stuff. This action left a 3-million-ton gap in our national larder, and at our premium rate of pay it meant some $168 million a year to whoever should become the lucky suppliers. Throats have been cut for considerably less, and so began a spiral of frenzied lobbying, each sugar country seeking the most luscious share of the rejected Cuban sweets.

One of the most eager seekers was the Dominican dictator. Trujillo had most of the industry of his island in his hip pocket. What he sought, therefore, was a double bonanza — greater national profit for the Dominican Republic, greater personal profit for Trujillo. In pursuit of these twin goals, he spared no millions.

He had long cultivated friendship in the right places in Washington, and one result was that he had acquired the special regard of Rep. Harold D. Cooley (D., N.C.), chairman of the House Agriculture Committee and virtual czar of sugar legislation. Following the overthrow of Trujillo's regime, Tad Szulc, of *The New York Times*, obtained access to Dominican records that documented the collaboration between Trujillo and Cooley.

As far back as 1955, two months before committee hearings were to open on the 1956 Sugar Act, Trujillo's government had invited the entire Agriculture Committee and its staff to visit the Republic. Representative Cooley had not joined the party, but his sister, Mrs. Mabel Downey, then a committee clerk,

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and his son and daughter-in-law had gone along. After their return, on April 20, 1955, Mrs. Downey wrote a letter on behalf of the committee staff, thanking The Benefactor: ". . . we shall cherish for many years to come your thoughtfulness and generosity."

Cooley himself always denied most vehemently that he had ever accepted favors from Trujillo or that he had treated Trujillo's representatives differently from the representatives of any other foreign government. But the record showed that he had consistently supported the Trujillo position. In August, 1960, after an attempt had been made to assassinate President Romulo Betancourt, of Venezuela, the Organization of American States recommended the severing of diplomatic relations with the Dominican Republic and the imposition of limited sanctions. President Eisenhower asked Congress for authority to reduce the Dominican sugar quota, but Representative Cooley blocked House action. The administration, having no choice, had to license Dominican sugar imports, but it sought to penalize Trujillo by imposing an extra duty of 2c a pound. Cooley, according to Dominican documents, gave assurances that he would try to have this penalty revoked; and, as late as June, 1962, he introduced a bill to reimburse Dominican sugar companies for $22,755,367 in penalties.

The Forgetful Elite

It was against this background that the Fulbright committee delved into some of the more outrageous maneuvers of the sugar lobbyists, and so uncovered the trail of "Petrol Boy," lost records and bewilderingly faulty memories and contracts that weren't contracts and money paid that was never paid. If this sounds contradictory and confusing, it was. It was also infinitely fascinating; and though the committee suggested that the Justice Department look at the record, one thing is certain — nothing will ever be done about *this* case.

It won't because, as the Chicago *Daily News* commented, the personages involved in these particular backstage intrigues weren't "fringe operators in the low-rent district," but members of the Washington elite, former distinguished servitors in the State Department who had gone on to rewards as partners in one of Washington's most eminent law firms—Surrey, Karasik, Gould and Green. Walter Sterling Surrey, forty-eight, the senior partner, had helped the State Department negotiate many of the military alliances with NATO countries. He had also been a Marshall Plan lawyer and had helped set up the original foreign-aid program under Paul Hoffman. The second major member of the firm was Monroe Karasik, once an adviser to the U.S. delegation at the Council of Foreign Minister Deputies working on the Austrian peace treaty. Sharp men, astute men, they were—not the kind whose memories would be expected to fail on vital details.

But gaps became apparent almost as soon as Fulbright started to question Walter Surrey on March 13, 1963. The first gap was in the law firm's records. Surrey explained that his firm made it a practice to clean out the files of "noncontinuing clients" if they were more than three years old, and so, unfortunately, there were no files for the period in which the committee was interested, 1954-56. Surrey's firm had registered with the Justice Department as a foreign agent for Trujillo interests, and a copy of the contract, signed November 8, 1954, showed that the law firm had been guaranteed fees of $95,000 covering a period of fourteen months. The formal contract filed with Justice did not reveal, however, a concurrent and secret understanding. Fulbright's committee had recovered from Dominican files a letter written by Surrey on November 7, 1954, which made clear that his law firm had been promised a whopping contingent fee if it succeeded in getting the Dominican sugar quota raised. Surrey had written:

In carrying out this responsibility our primary activity will naturally be related to working with the Senate and House of Representatives, concentrating on the appropriate committees in each House of Congress, as well as on the key Senators and Congressmen, and staffs, who will be involved in considering this legislative program. It will be necessary for us to work most closely with the appropriate agencies and departments of the executive branch, particularly with the Department of State, the Department of Agriculture, the Foreign Operations Administration, and the Executive Offices of the President.

If, by all this missionary work, the law firm succeeded in getting the Dominican sugar quota raised from its pegged 30,000 tons, the lawyer-lobbyists were to get a bounty of $1 a ton up to 100,000 tons (a cool $70,000 potential windfall) and 50¢ a ton for every ton they wangled above the 100,000-ton level. In the papers filed with the Justice Department, there had been no hint of any of this, and Senator Fulbright wanted to know why it had been omitted. Surrey explained that the agreement wasn't really "binding"; it had been just "an agreement to agree at a later date," a splitting of legal hairs that seemed to baffle Fulbright.

The records dredged up by Fulbright's committee showed that the law firm, in addition to its $95,000 retainer, had been paid $18,227 in 1957 and $15,000 in 1958. It had also received $28,000 for "out-of-pocket expenses." But even this was not all. In Dominican records, Fulbright's staff had uncovered a document which seemed to show a $3,000 payment in cash to Surrey in Ciudad Trujillo on July 25, 1955. At this point memory began to fail.

"I don't recall any payment down there," Surrey told the committee.

The letter, written by S. Salvador Ortiz, president of the Dominican Sugar Commission, and addressed to J. M. Troncoso, Secretary of State Without Portfolio, seemed quite specific. It referred to a previous letter from Troncoso, tantamount to an order, to pay Surrey $3,000 for expenses he might incur "with regard to the legal negotiations concerning the amendments of the sugar legislation in the United States." And it concluded by stating that "the Treasurer of the Republic" had issued a check to Ortiz, "which check I cashed in U.S. currency and delivered said amount to Mr. Walter Sterling Surrey."

"Could you tell us what the $3,000 item is for?" Fulbright asked Surrey.

"I don't recall it, sir."

Senator Who?

Having run into the wall of Surrey's amnesia, Fulbright produced an even more titillating letter taken from Dominican files. This was a memorandum from Monroe Karasik, Surrey's partner, to Secretary Troncoso. It was dated January 28, 1956, in Ciudad Trujillo, and read:

Through channels of personal obligation we have made contact with

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a powerful law firm in the Senator's home state.

The senior member of the firm is the executive officer of the Senator's political machine. The second partner is the son of the Senator's first campaign manager. . . . The third partner is the private confidential attorney of the Senator. . . .

All three propose to call upon the Senator on Monday, January 30, to engage his sympathy for the position of the Dominican Republic with respect to sugar legislation. They will represent themselves as being interested purely because of their very close ties of friendship and business with my firm. Each of the three will adopt a different approach to arouse the Senator's sympathy.

They ask for a retainer fee of $2,500. In addition to this, they ask a fee of $5,000 if the Dominican allocation under the legislation as finally enacted is no less than that under the present House version of H.R. 7030. If the Dominican allocation does turn out to be less than this, but is of a size which my firm in its judgment considers to be a satisfactory figure, the contingent fee to be paid would be only $2,500. . . .

This letter was like lifting the lid on Pandora's box.

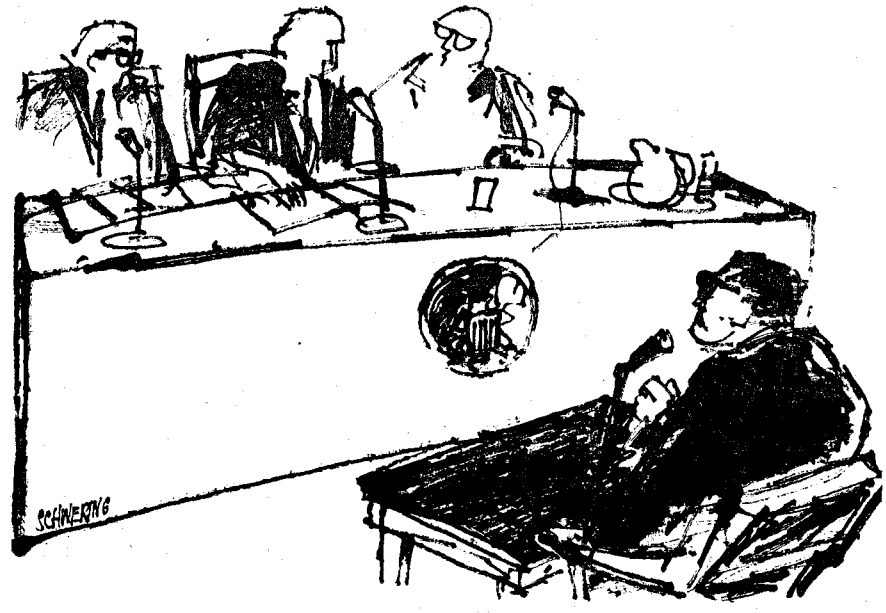
"Who is this Senator referred to?" Fulbright wanted to know.

"I don't know," Surrey replied.

It was, he said, the first time he had ever seen the letter—a statement that, as events were soon to show, was a little disingenuous. Surrey, who couldn't recall a thing about the letter or the Senator in question, explained that Secretary Troncoso had suggested additional, influential counsel might help, but Surrey was certain of just one thing in this sea of uncertainty: Troncoso had never actually hired another law firm.

A Call from the FBI

So he was excused, and in his stead the committee started to question his partner, the memo-writing Monroe Karasik. It became swiftly apparent that Karasik's memory was as faulty as Surrey's. Asked to identify the mysterious Senator to whom he had referred in his own memo, he professed complete inability to recall, even though he had had the benefit of advance warning on the matter. Karasik disclosed that a strangely helpful agent of the FBI had called upon him just the previous day, March 12, 1963, and had tipped him by showing him a copy of his own memorandum



about the nature of the questioning he would undergo before the Fulbright committee. This was the sequence:

Q. Who was the Senator referred to?

A. I don't know, sir.

Q. You wrote this letter?

A. Yes, sir; I did.

Q. Why wouldn't you know. . . . We were relying on you to know.

A. Mr. Chairman, I have been trying to recollect who the Senator was or who the law firm was ever since a copy of this document was made available to me yesterday.

Q. Who made a copy of it available to you?

A. The Department of Justice.

Q. Who in the Department of Justice?

A. May we go off the record, sir?

Q. No. Tell me who it was, who made it available?

A. A Special Agent Conrad of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

It became clear in later questioning that the FBI had taken the initiative in making the premature disclosure of the troublesome memorandum to Karasik.

Q. Did you request that letter from the FBI?

A. Yes, I did. I wanted to study it.

Q. And you didn't request any other that they had?

A. No. I only requested this one and they showed it to me.

Q. How did you happen to do that?

A. Well, they asked for an appointment.

Q. Who asked for an appointment?

A. Mr. Conrad.

After receiving this helpful advance warning from the kindly FBI, Karasik and his partners had discussed the situation. Senator Stuart Symington (D., Mo.) wanted to know what they talked about:

Q. Are you saying under oath you didn't make any form of agreement with your partners as to what your position would be on certain matters if they came up before the committee?

A. I am saying this under oath. I told them the position I had arrived at.

The position Karasik had arrived at was a complete blank. This so infuriated Senator Hickenlooper that he took the witness step by step through his entire career, examining him on all the responsible positions he had held; then he took Karasik step by step through the memorandum, stressing all the specific features that might be expected, just possibly, to jog the memory of a witness. Still Hickenlooper drew a blank, and when he did, he exploded.

"My disgust is complete and thorough," he snorted, "and my contempt is utter in this case because it is beyond my belief that a man of this background and experience, in writing a detailed letter, of the intimate detail which this contains, cannot remember a single thing about any of these people or anything of that kind."

Fulbright still had some Dominican documents up his sleeve and now he produced them. One was a voucher dated February 7, 1956 (just ten days after Karasik's memorandum) instructing the Reserves Bank of the Dominican Republic to

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pay Karasik $2,500. Another was a letter from Salvador Ortiz to the manager of the bank stating that Karasik would be cashing the voucher that day "for payment of special fees in the United States." A third document, written the following day, February 8, from Ortiz to the Secretary of State, stated that the check, endorsed by Karasik, had been sent to the bank "so that the above sum ($2,500) would be given to Mr. Karasik in American currency."

Faced with this tight documentary sequence, Karasik finally acknowledged that he must have received the money.

Petrol Boy Agrees

But who was the mysterious Senator whose influence had been sought so ardently by Trujillo? This was the key question, and Fulbright began to get at it. Testimony showed that this particular period in 1956 had been a critical time. The House had passed one sugar bill, the Senate another, and differences were to be ironed out in conferences between the two chambers. Fulbright produced another memorandum from Ortiz, the sugar commission executive, to Secretary of State Troncoso, dated February 8, 1956. Ortiz wrote:

Mr. Monroe Karasik, of Surrey, Karasik, Gould & Efron firm, our Washington lawyers, gave us today a copy of a cable he received from his partners advising him of the negotiations that were being conducted lately on this matter. The cable especially describes three compromising formulas which have been drawn up so that Mr. Harold D. Cooley, chairman of the Agriculture Committee of the House of Representatives, can use them at a meeting to be held today. . . .

Senator Harry F. Byrd, Democrat, of Virginia, has agreed to hold consultations with Chairman Cooley. As is to be expected the bill will be passed (on Wednesday) today. It is expected that the approval of Senator Edward Martin of Pennsylvania will be obtained by then. . . .

Even this failed to awaken any spark of recall in Karasik.

"Do you recall receiving a telegram from your firm in Washington?" Fulbright asked.

"No, sir; I don't."

"If I give you a copy of it, would you perhaps recall it?"

The telegram began:

Prepared for Harold meetings tomorrow three compromises [there followed details of the complicated proposals]. . . . *Petrol Boy has agreed consult Harold. Subsequent passage Senate expected tomorrow or Wednesday by which time hope have Bloom in line Stop Cubans spreading Kerr type info to individual members Stop will advise Harold reaction proposals Stop. . . .*

The cable contained handwritten notations by Karasik. Cloak-and-dagger code words in it had been circled, and at the bottom, in Karasik's own hand, had been written the key identifications. The circled words "Petrol Boy" led to the handwritten notation, "Byrd." "Bloom" was identified as "Senator Martin." And "Kerr-type info" contained the tag, "scurrilous."

Confronted with this cable from his own firm, confronted with his own handwritten notations on it, Karasik still professed himself unable to recall a thing about the transactions to which the cable referred. As for the use of the name "Bloom" to represent Senator Martin, there had been a Bloom in the Senator's office, and it was true he had talked to Bloom many times about the sugar legislation. But he was certain of one thing, despite the fact that everything else was uncertain: nobody had been "hired" to be extra helpful. What, then, had happened to the $2,500? Karasik insisted he didn't know:

Q. Did you give it to Bloom?
A. No, sir. . . .
Q. Who did you give it to?
A. I don't know, but I know I didn't give it to Bloom.
Q. But did you give it to a law firm?
A. I don't know. . . .
Q. Did you keep it?
A. I don't know.
Q. Did you report it on your income tax?
A. I don't know.

Karasik kept insisting, "I don't know what I did with it, Senator."

"Mr. Karasik, you don't really expect us to believe that, do you?" Fulbright asked.

"Yes, I do."

"You really do?"

"Yes."

Senator Hickenlooper broke in.

"I will disabuse your mind," he said. "I don't believe it."

"I don't either," said Fulbright.

Memories Restored—Almost

Monroe Karasik was in an unenviable spot. Senator Hickenlooper even suggested that a transcript of his testimony be sent to the bar association so that it could see for itself "about the qualifications and the memory lapses of this witness." Three months lapsed, and then on June 20, 1963, Fulbright's committee held another hearing on the matter — and suddenly, magically, all was explained.

A new witness appeared. He was Samuel Efron, who had been a partner of Surrey and Karasik at the time of the 1954-56 Dominican sugar transactions. Though Surrey and Karasik had appeared in the Dominican records as the men who handled the business, though they had been the only identified writers of memos and recipients of mysterious cash payments, though Samuel Efron had hardly appeared as a shadow anywhere in the record, Samuel Efron now emerged as the man who could explain everything.

Efron's explanation, submitted first in affidavit form, was this:

In January and February, 1956, Karasik had been in the Dominican Republic, and he, Efron, had been tending the home fires in Washington. He and Karasik communicated frequently by telephone and cable. In one of these talks, Karasik told him the Dominicans wanted someone who could influence Senator Byrd. Efron then contacted Bernard M. Fagelson, a partner in an Alexandria, Va., law firm and a social acquaintance. Fagelson had already been helpful in introducing Efron to Senator Byrd's administrative assistant, and they discussed a retainer fee of $2,500 and a contingency of $5,000.

Fagelson and his partners had taken from five days to a week to mull over the matter, and then they had decided, according to Efron, that they "did not feel competent in this matter, that they did not believe they could make any real impact on any member of the Senate," and anyway they didn't like the idea of having to register under the Foreign Agent's Registration Act. So nothing, absolutely nothing, ever came of it. No payment of $2,500 was ever made to Fagelson. There was nothing to the whole business. See?

It was not, of course, quite that simple. Fulbright was worried about some of the specifics in the memo Karasik had written for Secretary Troncoso. Efron explained that he "did not write this document"; it was "a presentation" made by Karasik to Troncoso, and he implied it

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could have been considerably exaggerated. But, Fulbright pointed out, the memo was specific, not just about the date of the visit to Byrd, but about tactics — "each of the three will adopt a different approach to arouse the Senator's sympathy." How did Efron interpret that?

"I cannot interpret that at all," the witness said.

Byrd's name had never been used in Efron's conversations with Karasik about the Fagelson firm. Instead, they had referred to "Petrol Boy." Why? "This may amuse you," Efron said. ". . . We referred to *Who's Who* and Senator Byrd's biography, I think, there—he was at one time serving as chairman of the Petroleum Commission or Board of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and this was about as obscure a reference as we could find."

After Karasik had returned from Trujillo-land, Efron testified, the matter was never mentioned between them. Karasik never asked what law firm it was they had almost hired because "they just struck out. It was a matter of no interest." But Efron had to admit—an admission that brought him into stark conflict with Karasik's earlier testimony—that Karasik had known the identity of the Senator involved; indeed, it was Karasik who had first suggested they engage a Virginia law firm close to Senator Byrd.

Monroe Karasik reappeared before the committee with a partially revived memory. He now recalled that about a week after his memorandum to Troncoso Efron had indeed informed him that "the law firm with whom he had been negotiating had decided not to be retained." He had also discovered, he said, that he had never received the $2,500 that Dominican vouchers indicated he had been paid. After the March 13th hearing before Fulbright's committee, he had gone to the Dominican Republic and: "I was there informed that I was never paid the $2,500, and that the $2,500 was paid to the Secretariat for the Presidency or, in other words, the Trujillo family." Surrey, following Karasik to the stand, testified that he, too, had gone to the Dominican Republic after the March hearing to try to find out from Trujillo's former henchmen whether he had or hadn't received payments of $3,000 and $3,500. He hadn't, they told him. Trujillo had pocketed those sums.

Fulbright expressed incredulity that Trujillo had found it necessary to steal from his own treasury under such pretexts when the whole treasury lay open to his hand. And Sen. George Smathers (D., Fla.) told Karasik: "It is very difficult for me as a reasonable man to understand why it is some informed person has to tell you whether or not you got the money, whether or not you ever received the check."

Senator Fulbright angrily berated Karasik for, at the least, writing memos that might have given a foreign dictator the mistaken impression that the Senate of the United States was for hire. The anger was understandable, particularly since Trujillo had managed to get the Dominican sugar quota doubled to some 60,000 tons.

The P.R. Code

A member shall not engage in any practice which tends to corrupt the integrity of channels of public communication. . . .

A member shall not make use of any organization purporting to serve some announced cause but actually serving an undisclosed special or private interest of a member or his client or his employer. . . .

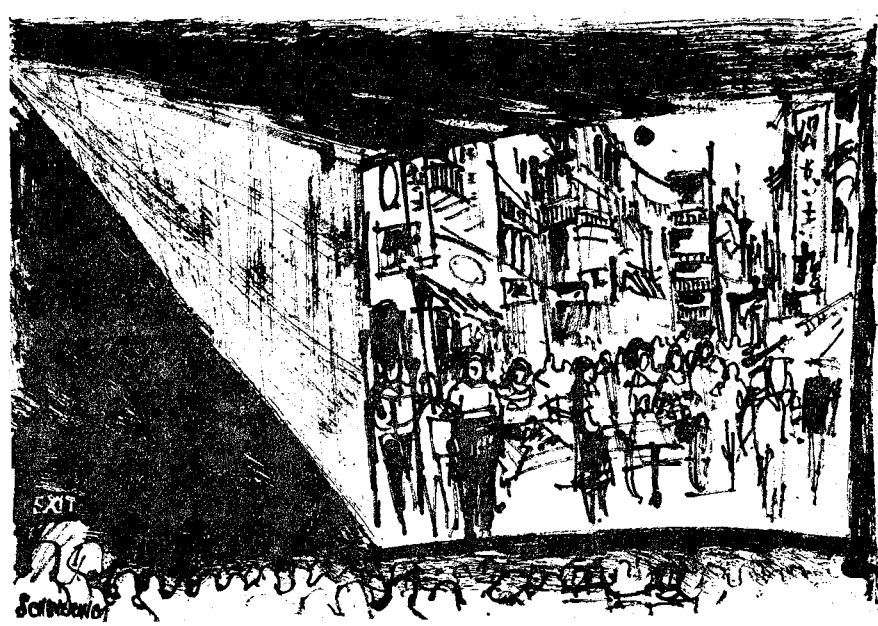
These are two of the cardinal tenets in the code of ethics adopted by the Public Relations Society of America. Are they just nice-sounding words? Or are they rules to be lived by? Anyone naive enough to be bothered by such questions may be helped to some answers by studying the records of the Hamilton Wright Organization and Selvage & Lee as disclosed in the Fulbright hearings.

Hamilton Wright is one of America's largest, wealthiest and most powerful public relations agencies. It is also one that has reaped a handsome harvest from the representation of foreign governments. Two of its accounts assumed special significance in the Fulbright probe — HWO's representation of the nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek and its representation of the apartheid government of the Union of South Africa. Its handling of a tourism account in Mexico also came in for discussion.

The Hamilton Wright Organization took up with Chiang in 1957, and its love affair with the dictator of Taiwan lasted through 1962 at a stipend of $300,000 a year. The proposed methods of procedure and the objectives were set forth in a letter sent May 2, 1957, to Dr. T. F. Tsiang, Chiang's Ambassador at the United Nations. HWO made it clear that they saw Chiang's empire on Formosa as one of the great dramatic stories of our time—the establishment, nurturing and growth of a new and "free" nation. To tell this story in words and pictures, they proposed to send "our own crew of experts" to Formosa, where "we would research, create and manufacture news."

This creation and manufacturing of news had a well-defined purpose: "As you well know, every Senator, Representative, politician —even our President—is first, last and always '. . . the servant of the American people. . . .'

"To inform the voters—to make



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them Free China-conscious — to make the American people aware of the tremendous uphill fight the 10 million Chinese have won on Taiwan—to get across the 'human interest' story—is the first step toward these objectives."

In accepting HWO's proposal, Chiang made clear what he wanted. His Government Information Office, in a letter to HWO on August 9, 1957, pointed out:

> *. . . The "two Chinas" theory has never been totally discredited. There have been talks of admitting the Chinese Communists in the United Nations, of relaxing the embargo of strategic material to the Chinese mainland, and of taking another look at U.S. policy toward China.*
>
> *It is for this reason that we want to avoid creating the impression that the building up of Taiwan is an end in itself, that the Government is content with just sitting here, and that we have given up the goal of recovering the mainland.*

With purposes thus clearly stated HWO embarked upon its $300,000 venture.

The global scope and innate trickiness of some of the maneuvers to be undertaken were made clear in a 1959 letter from Hamilton Wright to Dr. Sampson Shen, director of China's Government Information Office. HWO proposed to concentrate on South America in 1960 because "these countries have twenty-one votes in the United Nations." HWO's color motion picture, *The Face of Free China,* would be given a Spanish sound track for distribution in South and Central America. So would its companion film, *Majestic Island,* for which "professional distribution" in South and Central America was being arranged with Universal-International. American news services to South America would be fed favorable stories; arrangements were to be made with the U.S. Information Service "to push HWO movies, newsreels and shorts wherever possible in South America."

There were plans for a new color motion picture, *Taiwan — Asian Showcase.* Hamilton Wright wrote flatly: "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will distribute this picture: We have already discussed with MGM the theatrical distribution of this picture. They have agreed to give it widespread circulation in most Middle East, Southeast Asian, and Latin American countries under the title *'MGM Presents, etc.' (and not as a picture earmarked 'Government of China,' etc.).*" [Italics added.]

In all of this global "think," the United States was not to be neglected. Wright declared: "The U.S. publicity must continue, hard and en masse, reaching further and deeper to thought leaders, political thinking, and to the American people. Grassroots publicity is priceless." Wright believed that the time was ripe to invade the largest mass circulation media—"*Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest, Life, Look, Redbook, McCalls, Time, Newsweek,* etc." He also expected to have "more Congressmen, more

Senators, signing articles." He reported that "this year we were successful in getting cooperation in this direction which resulted in signed articles being published in leading newspapers (see scrapbooks). More can be done. More will be done."

In line with this "more can and will be done" theme, Wright had cooked up his own impartial expert, a man whose skill and manufactured status made it possible for him to infiltrate the columns of the largest newspapers. Wright described this development in a later memo:

> *. . . Last year Ambassador George Yeh said to me, "Ham, I think your organization should develop a man who can become an authority on China. One who knows us, our way of life, our problems, a man who can write with complete understanding." After two years we believe that our Don Frifield is now that man. He is regarded by the U.S. newspapers as a top authority on China problems. In order not to appear as a "propaganda" outlet for Free China, we have arranged for Don to write on many subjects on the Far East, Japan, the Philippines, Korea, etc. This gives depth and recognition to his work and opens the way to penetrate with publicity on Free China.*

In questioning the Wrights, father and son, Fulbright's committee discovered that articles bearing the names of Congressmen and Senators had been prepared by Don Frifield and funneled into Washington offices by the Committee of One Million (Against the Admission of China to the United Nations), a propaganda gambit operated by publicist Marvin Liebman. [See also "Lobby of a Million Ghosts," by John O'Kearney, *The Nation,* January 23, 1960; and "Behind the Handout Curtain," by Harry W. Ernst, *The Nation,* March 17, 1962.]

One of Frifield's articles had been prepared in June, 1959, to carry the by-line of Senator Douglas, of Illinois. Douglas had approved its publication, but he had had no idea, he informed Fulbright's committee, that the article which bore his name had been created by a hired hand for Chiang Kai-shek:

> *I was informed that the manuscript had been prepared by the Hamilton Wright Organization, but I was not informed that this company was in receipt of any retainer from the Chinese Nationalist Government. I have been very careful to keep myself aloof from the Chinese Nationalist Government itself and have insisted that the Committee of One Million should not receive any direct or indirect subvention from it. . . . I have remained on the Committee of One Million's executive committee only on the assurance that no direct or indirect financing came from the Nationalist Chinese Government and that the committee was independently financed.*

If the fine hand of Chiang was so well hidden that even a U.S. Senator couldn't see it in an article ghosted for him, there was precious little chance that the ordinary magazine reader or the casual theatregoer, watching a colored film produced by the Hamilton Wright Organization, would have any idea that his brain was being washed by subtle waves of propaganda.

The Half-Hidden Sponsor

The issue of the partial disclosure that is in reality deceptive and meaningless because it gives the reader, or viewer of movie film, no identifiable clue to the real source, the paying source, for the information he is being spoonfed, was one that greatly concerned the Fulbright committee. In one exchange with Hamilton Wright, Senior, Fulbright delved deeply into the tender subject. Wright had displayed a full page of pictures extolling the

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beauties of South Africa that had appeared in the Washington *Star*.

FULBRIGHT: Are you responsible for this?

WRIGHT, SR.: Our name is on the bottom there, "Photos Hamilton Wright."

FULBRIGHT: Does it say there, "Agent for the South African Government"?

WRIGHT, SR.: Well, they know it was from South Africa. It doesn't say that, no paper publishes that.

FULBRIGHT: Do the people who read it know it? Would I know it by reading that?

The discussion continued, with Fulbright finally saying, "Your position is that you have no responsibility for its being identified when actually published, is that correct?"

WRIGHT, SR.: That is correct. In other words, here is a cinemascope picture released by Twentieth Century-Fox on South Africa which we produced. At no time is there any question in the mind of Twentieth Century-Fox that this—that the people who produced this picture, namely the Hamilton Wright Organization, were made to do it by the Government of South Africa. But you cannot ask Twentieth Century-Fox for them to go out and say this is publicity released by the Hamilton Wright Organization and paid for by the Government of South Africa.

FULBRIGHT: Why can't you?

WRIGHT, SR.: They won't do it.

FULBRIGHT: It seems to me that is what the law requires.

WRIGHT, SR.: You would have to go to Twentieth Century-Fox and ask them to do it. By the way, if a man goes to the theatre, if you go to Radio City Music Hall, and ask them to run a piece of propaganda on the screen, they would revolt at it. You wouldn't pay to go in and pay $1.75 to see a piece of propaganda.

FULBRIGHT: That is actually what is happening, isn't it?

WRIGHT, SR.: Well—

FULBRIGHT: The only difference is you just don't tell them that.

The fantastic success of HWO in insinuating the printed word in the most august columns, or distributing its specially made films under the auspices of the largest motion picture companies, raised some intriguing questions. How did it happen that HWO, paid $300,000 by Chiang and $150,000 by the Union of South Africa, got all this free space in newspaper columns and all this invaluable free time in motion picture theatres and on the air? The Fulbright committee's inquiries suggested some possible answers.

When Hamilton Wright produced a colored film on the glories of Formosa, he naturally needed an expert cameraman. So he hired Richard Kuhne at $250 a week. And who was Richard Kuhne? The son of Jack Kuhne, in charge of Twentieth Century-Fox's short subjects.

A few years later, Wright found himself able to give a leg up to another son of Jack Kuhne, one Robert Kuhne. On April 6, 1962, he wrote Robert Kuhne about shooting a 16 mm. short for HWO on the glories of Mexico:

I had lunch with your dad yesterday—and you might also like to know that we sent you a check for three weeks' advance — $1,800 — that's what we think of Bob Kuhne.

Having shown the closeness of HWO ties to Twentieth Century-Fox, the Fulbright committee turned to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which had also used a number of HWO short subjects and newsreel shots. Max Klein was editor of the MGM newsreel, and correspondence showed a warm and long-enduring relationship between him and Hamilton Wright, Sr. One notation from Klein found in the HWO files dealt with a junket to Mexico:

The idea of winging down Mexico way as the (honored) guest of the Government appeals to me—and the wife, of course. . . . Again, Ham, arranging this trip is not a requisite for our continued friendship. We are much too close to allow anything or anyone, to interfere with that. By the way, I intend to keep this sub rosa *. . . it is best for all concerned.*

The Klein junket led to this discussion between Fulbright and the Wrights:

FULBRIGHT: In effect, this is the way you pay Mr. Klein for releasing your shorts.

WRIGHT, SR.: No. How do you mean payment?

FULBRIGHT: Just what I mean.

WRIGHT, SR.: No. We don't pay him anything. This is a courtesy. This is a courtesy that is commonly extended to editors of the working press all the years I have been in business. To us it is no different than giving a man a little gift at Christmas time. . . . This doesn't mean he has to accept your material when you give it to him. He can still reject it, and he rejects a lot of our material because some of it isn't up to par.

FULBRIGHT: It says he has released all of the newsreels.

WRIGHT, SR.: This is good. He hasn't rejected them because they are good newsreels. Is there anything wrong with this? Is there something wrong with this?

That, said Fulbright, was what he was trying to find out.

His inquiry showed that the Mexican tourism account afforded Wright the opportunity to do little favors, which presumably would be appreciated, for executives in key positions on a number of news media. Louis Messolonghetis, an editor of King Features, Hearst's major syndication outlet, junketed to Mexico under an arrangement similar to Klein's. So did Courtland Smith, an editor of Central Press Association, a division of King Features. So did Jack Woliston, a news editor of UPI. Harold Blumenfeld picture editor of UPI, was the lucky beneficiary of "many trips" to Puerto Rico.

Courtland Smith fairly bubbled his gratitude in a letter written to Hamilton Wright, Sr., on December 7, 1960:

The suite at the Hilton was lavish and we had fine accommodations at the Victoria in Taxco and the Coleta in Acapulco. . . . You told me the government would pick up the full tab, so we signed for everything at the Hilton, including the Cook's tour. . . .

Fulbright, citing Smith's letter, asked Wright, Sr.: "You do not think this has any bearing upon the objectivity or independence of the news and pictures disseminated by the Central Press Association?" Wright protested that "you come to a point now where do you stop and start in doing business with people?"

Who Pays for Free Copy?

Against this background it is instructive to take a closer look at one of Wright's greatest coups, his creation of his own "impartial expert," Don Frifield. Wright seemed insulted at a published report that he had paid Frifield $18,000 a year; the price, he said, was $25,000. In return, Frifield turned out articles that were submitted "to North American Newspaper Alliance, to other syndicates, to newspapers direct, Sunday newspapers, on the basis of being free, and they could reject or accept them. . . . They published a tremendous lot and requested more articles."

Fulbright wanted to know wheth-

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er Frifield's articles carried a label identifying them as paid propaganda. Wright said definitely, when the articles were mailed to distant newspapers; perhaps not, when they were sent to editors in New York with whom he had close personal relations, because these editors already knew the setup. He said that the *Herald Tribune* "absolutely" knew of Frifield's connection because "I have many friends over there."

FULBRIGHT: Do you know whether Mr. Frifield was paid by the *Herald Tribune* for these articles?

WRIGHT, SR.: He may have been paid, just to make a token payment for stories that had nothing to do with the client. It may have been a token payment on a story on the refugees in Hong Kong.

Wright later explained that the Hong Kong refugee stories, which for some months were a *Herald Tribune* favorite, really originated with HWO. He obviously felt it was one of the scoops of the year. One of the first stories dealt with two boys who floated on basketballs "across 1,600 feet of water to Quemoy." Wire services interviewed them "and they exposed living conditions in Communist China. They showed the tremendous handicap the people were living under, and it all pointed up that the democratic way of life is a whole lot better than the Communist way of life, and this was a link, our getting ahead of this story and opening it up to editors was a link that resulted in many magazine stories, many Sunday feature stories." It even resulted for a time in many Americans being given the impression that all China was trying to get into Hong Kong, that the Chinese Communist regime must be on the point of collapse.

Red Carpet Treatment

The junketing, the favors, the subtle distortion of the news that marked the saga of Hamilton Wright was repeated in spades when Selvage & Lee, bankrolled by that $500,000 in fee and expense money, began dressing up the Portuguese image in America. The Selvage & Lee endeavors, however, carried the process one vital degree further. The Hamilton Wright operation had concentrated on publicity, on instructing the public on behalf of a foreign client; Selvage & Lee did this — and more. Its ties to Portuguese officialdom were so close that it became, in effect, an arm of the Portuguese Government.

It was a relationship, of course, that Selvage & Lee hotly denied. Throughout the lengthy Fulbright hearings, the public relations firm took the position that it was representing business clients and had only minimal contact with agents of Salazar's dictatorship. But its own correspondence frequently told a different story.

In a letter dated May 31, 1961, James P. Selvage, chairman of the board, informed not the private clients but the head of the Portuguese Overseas Ministry of his firm's accomplishments in the first month of its services. He enclosed clippings in support of his contention that "progress is being made in presenting Portugal's side of the Angolan story to the American people." Then Selvage added: "We are working closely with your Ambassador to the United Nations and will do all possible to assist him in making a strong case for Portugal. Likewise, our Washington office is cooperating fully with your Ambassador to the United States." He concluded his letter with the significant line: "We will make similar reports to you from time to time as the situation warrants."

The close official tie indicated in this letter was borne out in other correspondence. G. Mennen Williams, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was planning to visit Africa in September, 1961. Kenneth T. Downs, a vice president of Selvage & Lee and the man in direct charge in Portugal, reported to Selvage in a memorandum dated August 6, 1961, that he had held a two-hour conference with Portuguese officials on the problem of how to handle Williams. Participating in that conference, he wrote, were the Minister of State, the Deputy Foreign Minister and other officials. Downs reported: "Agreed he gets red carpet and is kept constantly on the hop, busy from morning to night."

This indicated to Fulbright that an American public relations expert had aided Portuguese officials in devising the best way to hoodwink an American Assistant Secretary of State who, from his liberal background, might be expected to be unsympathetic toward Portuguese conduct in Angola. Downs contended that he had been only a listener, that all the planning had ben done by Portuguese officials.

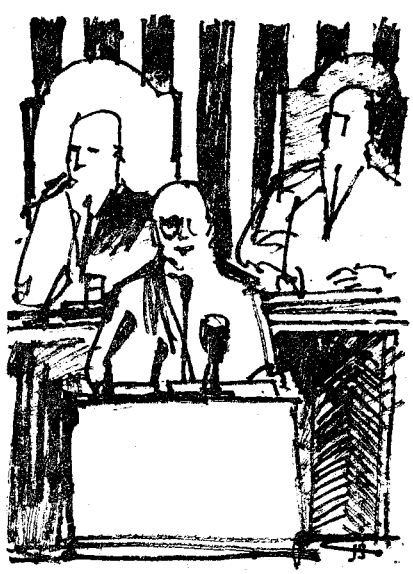
Forgive me if I keep harping on this business of visiting Congressmen, but this I think is of absolute top priority importance, if we can do it. They make news while they are here, after they come back, and they are established "experts" that we can continue to use. (*Emphasis added.*)

Events were to show that the publicity firm had close liaison and disproportionate influence with both Portuguese and American officialdom. Its dual role was perhaps best illustrated by the manner in which, on the one hand, it passed on the visas of newsmen for the Portuguese, and by the manner in which, on the other, it used amenable Congressmen as sounding boards.

The public relations firm's partial usurpation of the official role in visa-clearing emerges in an exchange of cablegrams between Downs and Sam Bledsoe, an S&L vice president in charge of the Washington office. On August 2, 1961, Downs cabled Bledsoe: "John Richardson Gibson, *Wall Street Journal*, applying visa desire reading on him soonest." Back came the answer: "Advise OK Gibson."

Downs acknowledged that he then advised Portuguese officials it was all right to admit Gibson, but he denied that he had ever thrown a roadblock in the way of any newsman's getting a visa. Fulbright took the seemingly commonsense attitude that, if the Portuguese were asking S&L to check, S&L's approval or disapproval must have had considerable weight.

On the Washington front, there



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wasn't much room for doubt about S&L's persuasive way with Congressmen. On October 10, 1962, Downs, now in Washington, sent a memo to Michael Teague, who had taken over the Lisbon office. In this, Downs took full credit for the finesse S&L had displayed in producing a seemingly spontaneous outburst of pro-Portuguese oratory on the floor of Congress. Downs's memo read:

I am sending Dr. Pinto Basto copies of the Congressional Record. *You might explain to him that we wrote some twenty speeches. Much of the material in some of the speeches was ours. Joe Martin, Speaker of the House under Eisenhower, for example, used Sam's stuff without change, apart from abbreviation. You might point this out to Dr. Pinto Basto and tell him that it required a great amount of work on the Hill to get the time allocated for these speeches. Patrick Clark recently did the same thing for Spain, but he paid for his. We didn't put out a penny. In all fairness Comocho* [sic] *should be given a great deal of credit on this one. It was his tireless pressure on some of the Massachusetts Congressmen that made it possible, and he is the one who at the last minute got Speaker McCormack into the act.*

Camacho, it will be remembered, was the $400-a-week hired hand who headed the Portuguese-American Committee on Foreign Affairs, the paper front that Selvage & Lee employed to take out after Senator Gore.

When questioned about this memorandum, Downs protested that it was "a most unfortunate" piece of English composition. It was "very carelessly written," and it perhaps said more than it should have said and claimed more than it should have claimed.

The testimony brought a roar of outrage from Clark. He denied "any inference that might be drawn from the above colloquy that I ever attempted to get time allocated for any speeches in the Congress for Spain." And there the matter rested.

Not so inconclusive was the saga of S&L itself in Congress.

"Did you, in fact, write twenty speeches?" Fulbright asked Downs.

DOWNS: That was my understanding, and I have been told since this was not exactly accurate; that we prepared material for twenty speeches or a certain number. I think fourteen speeches were delivered, as I recall.

FULBRIGHT: Fourteen out of twenty that were prepared?

DOWNS: Yes.

FULBRIGHT: Is it accurate that Joe Martin made such a speech?

DOWNS: He did make a speech.

FULBRIGHT: You say he "used Sam's stuff without change, apart from abbreviation"?

DOWNS: Whether this is accurate or not, I do not know, sir. I thought it was at the time I wrote this. . . .

FULBRIGHT: Well, wouldn't you say it is fair to conclude from this memorandum that Mr. Basto got the impression that you were able to prepare speeches and have Congressmen deliver them on the floor?

DOWNS: Yes, sir. That was the . . .

FULBRIGHT: Did you or your firm inform these Congressmen when they were given these speeches that they were prepared by your firm?

DOWNS: I cannot answer that question, sir. I was not here in Washington at the time.

Subsequently, Rep. Joseph Martin indicated that he, at least, had not been briefed about the special interests of S&L. In a brief note to Fulbright, he wrote: "I have always been interested in the welfare of the Portuguese-American community. Many of these people live in my district. But I know nothing about these public relations people serving Portuguese interests."

The Art of the Junket

The Congressman's lack of knowledge is not especially culpable, for there are many indications in the Fulbright record that S&L cloaked a wide variety of activities behind the figure of Camacho and that it was on many occasions considerably less than frank. One of its more devious and costly maneuvers involved a cost-free junket to Angola for fifty-five publishers belonging to the National Editorial Association, a professional group composed of the publishers and editors of weekly and small daily newspapers. Downs insisted that S&L had not "invited" the publishers, though some of the firm's memos incautiously used that suggestive word; he contended the idea had originated with NEA and that all S&L had done was to lend a hand. Downs also minimized the amount of money his firm had ladled out to make the traveling publishers comfortable and happy, but memos showed that travel, hotel, banquet and entertainment arrangements were all in the hands of S&L and its Portuguese interests.

The record shows also that most of the American publishers became panting Portuguese patriots. An exception was Wayne C. Sellers, publisher of the daily *Evening Herald* in Rock Hill, S.C. While still on the African trip with the NEA "study group," Sellers wrote his impressions in a letter that was forwarded to Fulbright:

We had five days in Angola and I was terribly upset by it all. I have never seen such blatant brainwashing and we free-loaded through all of it, including terribly expensive lunches, dinners, cocktail parties, etc. One of the American consulate staff told me at lunch yesterday there was a significant side we weren't seeing. We were taken on a tour of fancy schools, hospitals and such. . . .

I stayed out of some of the Angolan activities and tried prowling around Benguela because I knew I would stay emotionally aroused as I watched what was being done to our group and hearing them say, "This is really the stuff. These Portuguese and Angolans have the answer. We could use some of this." (Those aren't literal quotes.) What made it worse to me was that American public relations people staged the whole show with the obvious purpose of changing our national policies. . . .

In a later letter to Fulbright after his return, Sellers wrote that he felt the publishers were "taken advantage of by the firm of Selvage & Lee." He declared:

We were not told in Angola that an American public relations firm had worked out the arrangements and was guiding the Angolese officials. I could not find any fault with the Angolese officials expressing their viewpoints, but it seems to me that an American public relations firm out to create public opinion contrary to the foreign policy of the United States should tell us in advance what it is doing.

Paul Wagner, an employee of Selvage & Lee, accompanied our group from New York to Luanda, Angola, where he left the party. Mr. Wagner was identified in the trip roster as being connected with the South Sioux City, Neb., Star; *and it was after questioning that I discovered he was a Selvage & Lee employee and was not actively working on the* Star, *which he said he owned. His name is not listed in the* Editor & Publisher, *1962, yearbook, a directory of newspapers, as being connected with the* Star. . . .

For your information, I am enclosing the copy of a news story which Mr. Wagner prepared for some members of our group.

Needless to say, the story gave

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a glowing picture of Portuguese colonialism.

It was the fairest of fair worlds when this kind of planted propaganda was swallowed by the American press and public, but clouds gathered black and angry when American newsmen tried to make an independent assessment of the situation in Angola. In 1961, N.B.C. did a television documentary, "Angola: Journey to a War." Instantly, Camacho and his spurious committee sprang into action. Identical letters signed by Camacho as chairman of the Portuguese-American Committee on Foreign Affairs were sent to Senators John O. Pastore (D., R.I.), Warren G. Magnuson (D. Wash.) and Thomas J. Dodd (D. Conn.). The letters denounced N.B.C. in harshest terms and called upon the Senators to sponsor a Congressional investigation. The N.B.C. documentary, it charged, was "a biased and malicious document"; in its "unfair and distorted presentation," N.B.C. was "unwittingly serving the Communist cause."

In the anti-Communist hysteria that has pervaded America this kind of charge was sheer dynamite. Its potential intimidating effect on newsmen seeking to be objective is obvious. And so it is of some significance to see just who was practicing deceit:

FULBRIGHT: This letter was prepared by Selvage & Lee but signed by you, wasn't it?

CAMACHO: Yes, sir.

. . .

FULBRIGHT: Tell me, did the Senators who received these letters know that this letter, these letters, were prepared by Selvage & Lee?

CAMACHO: No, sir.

FULBRIGHT: Is this expression, "In our opinion"—is that intended to convey the belief that this is the opinion of the Portuguese-American Committee on Foreign Affairs?

CAMACHO: The answer is "Yes."

FULBRIGHT: That it was the committee's?

CAMACHO: Yes, sir.

FULBRIGHT: Was such an opinion ever discussed with the members of the committee?

CAMACHO: No, sir.

Money for What?

Not just N.B.C., but even Senator Fulbright himself, could be threatened by Selvage & Lee for adopting a public position not in line with the desires of the public relations agency. The brazenness of the attack on Fulbright, matching the earlier devious assault on Senator Gore, came out in the questioning of Morris M. Lee, president of Selvage & Lee:

FULBRIGHT: Do you know John Synon?

LEE: Yes, sir, I do.

FULBRIGHT: Who is he?

LEE: Mr. Synon was first employed by us several years ago in our Richmond office on a special legislative project on a full-time basis in the state of Virginia. . . .

FULBRIGHT: Is he a free-lance writer? Is that how you classify him?

LEE: He can be called that, sir.

. . .

FULBRIGHT: Have you employed him lately?

LEE: Yes, sir.

JAMES COPE (chairman of the board of Selvage & Lee): He has been on retainer.

FULBRIGHT: What kind of retainer?

COPE: I believe it is $100 a week or $5,000 a year, sir. . . . I believe $5,000 a year is his retainer.

FULBRIGHT: Is part of his duties to condemn the chairman of this committee?

COPE: It certainly is not, sir.

FULBRIGHT: I don't know why it doesn't fit with his purposes. . . . I show you three articles entitled, "Africa and the South," from the *South Carolina News and Courier* during the month of October, 1962, all written by Mr. Synon, as well as an editorial on the subject of Mr. Synon's articles, and ask you whether Mr. Synon wrote those articles in pursuance of his duties with Selvage & Lee?

COPE: I do not regard those, I do not recognize them as being in pursuit of his duties with us, Senator. He has been employed by other people currently.

FULBRIGHT: Do you know, Mr. Lee?

LEE: I do not, no, sir. I had not seen these articles before.

Who would know positively? Fulbright asked. Lee thought Sam Bledsoe, the vice president in charge of the Washington office, might know. Bledsoe, when he took the stand, acknowledged that John Synon had worked for S&L, identified the *South Carolina News and Courier* as certainly one of the largest and most influential newspapers in that state, but denied emphatically that Synon had written the series of admittedly racist articles, attacking Fulbright and the entire Kennedy administration, at the behest of Selvage & Lee. "Some of the statements here represent Mr. Synon's viewpoint. They do not represent my viewpoint," he said.

FULBRIGHT: At the time he wrote those articles was he not being paid by Selvage & Lee?

BLEDSOE: I believe he was on retainer at the time. . . .

FULBRIGHT: What was he on retainer to do, write articles?

BLEDSOE: He was on a retainer to do certain specific things we asked him to do.

FULBRIGHT: To write articles, among other things, wasn't it?

BLEDSOE: No.

FULBRIGHT: What did he do?

BLEDSOE: Well, the general arrangement with Mr. Synon is this: He is on a $5,000 a year, and over and above that when he does anything, when we ask him for a specific duty, he is paid a daily rate.

FULBRIGHT: What is the $5,000 for?

BLEDSOE: Well, that is so he will be—he will have some time to give us if we want him to do something specific. He has a good many contracts. But, as I point out, it is destructive to the Portuguese and to Selvage & Lee to associate ourselves with racist material. . . . If it becomes known that we sponsored material of this kind on behalf of the Portuguese, the Portuguese multiracial policy is a sham and a fraud.

Fulbright, a skeptical man, kept asking Bledsoe what did Synon *do*, if he didn't write, to justify that

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$5,000 fee. Well, said Bledsoe, he didn't just know, he would "have to check"; he thought S&L had asked Synon "to get us some new accounts."

All right, said Fulbright, if that was so, why had Synon's expenses for August, September and October (the period leading up to his racist smear in South Carolina) been charged to S&L's Portuguese account — all $940.93?

"Well, I don't know," said Bledsoe.

"I see," said Fulbright. "He did it and you charged the Portuguese for his services and expenses during that same period?"

"Yes," said Bledsoe.

"After these articles were written did you terminate your relationship with him?"

BLEDSOE: We talked with him.

FULBRIGHT: Did you terminate your relationship with him?

BLEDSOE: No, sir.

This paying of retainers, handsome ones, seems to have been a regular practice at Selvage & Lee. The recipients were never, it seems, called upon to perform any services; they simply raked in the money. One such happy arrangement, similar to that of John Synon, involved a man named David Teeple, a former newspaper man who, Bledsoe said, was "now on the Hill."

FULBRIGHT: Doing what?

BLEDSOE: I believe he is attached to the Republican Policy Committee.

FULBRIGHT: The House or Senate?

BLEDSOE: Senate. He is a close friend of Senator Hickenlooper, I know.

FULBRIGHT: And you employed him to do what?

BLEDSOE: Well, we employed him as a consultant. . . . I went to him and told him we might want him to do some work for us under certain circumstances. He had his own business at that time, I believe he said, "Well, if you want me you had better make arrangements with me because my time is going to be taken."

Bledsoe said he then agreed to pay David Teeple, the friend of Senator Hickenlooper's, the attaché of the Republican Policy Committee, $600 a month. But — "As a matter of fact, he never did anything for us, we never called on him."

Teeple drew his $600 a month for a period of some six months, running from July, 1962, to the end of the year. Fulbright wanted to know if Teeple had had any hand in the Portuguese-American Day outburst of oratory in Congress. Absolutely not, said Bledsoe — "he didn't do any work in connection with the Portuguese account whatever. . . ."

Fulbright suggested that perhaps the $600 a month was a goodwill offering, but Bledsoe protested he thought he already had Teeple's good will.

FULBRIGHT: Well, to retain it.

BLEDSOE: Well, not to retain it, but I think—

FULBRIGHT: It made him happy to be given $600 a month for doing nothing.

BLEDSOE: Well, I don't think it made him angry, Senator.

There was more, much more, but nothing that quite matched the audacity of Selvage & Lee.

Selling the Hard Line

By far the most significant of the other operations probed by the Fulbright committee was that of retired Maj. Gen. Julius Klein, who received some $420,000 from West German interests in less than three years, with the avowed purpose of selling the American people and the American Government on the necessity of maintaining a "hard line" on West Berlin and a "hard line" in any dealings with the Russians.

Significantly, the German lobby mushroomed in America almost from that instant in 1959 when Eisenhower and Khrushchev met in "the Spirit of Camp David" and raised momentarily the possibility that America and Russia might find some accommodation short of cutting each other's throats. At that point, Julius Klein was engaged, at a price not to exceed $150,000 a year in fees and expenses, to promulgate the "hard" West German line in America. The Paris Summit Conference — the top-level parley that was botched by the U-2 incident — was in the offing when, on April 6, 1960, Klein registered with the Department of Justice as a foreign agent representing German principals.

During his Army career, Klein had served on the staff of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. After the war, he had seen duty in Germany, where he had met many top German industrialists and German leaders; and in the Pentagon, where he had become acquainted with Sen. Stuart Symington (D., Mo.), then Secretary of the Air Force. Symington remembered him favorably, as the Senator took pains to make clear at one point in the Fulbright questioning. Klein was also a former national commander of the Jewish War Veterans and in 1954 had been the Republican candidate for the United States Senate in Illinois.

Prior to the pre-Summit contract, Klein's public relations firm had drawn down some $200,000 in five years from German property owners who were trying to recover assets seized by the United States during World War II. The official German public relations outfit in America was the Roy Bernard Company, whose fees ran better than

$100,000 annually. Such payments, it would seem, should have adequately safeguarded German interests, but the prospect that the Paris Summit Conference might extend the "Spirit of Camp David" alarmed West German circles and inspired a new publicity effort.

Bonn's official position was that all Germany must be reunited before any other steps could be considered in Europe. Wanting the military support of our erstwhile foe to hold off the Russians, we had committed ourselves without reservation to this asinine aspiration—asinine because it could not be achieved short of a nuclear world war. However, the obvious futility of a policy does not deter statesmen whose prestige has once been committed to it, and the Adenauer government and its industrial supporters reacted with a kind of frenzy to the prospect that peace might break out before the Russians were ejected from East Germany. In this atmosphere Klein bagged his contract.

Just who were the Germans who were putting up $150,000 a year for this purpose? Klein professed not to be too clear about it himself. "The committee, if you know the German mentality, doesn't like

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to have their names in the newspapers and registered and so on and so forth," he testified, "and, therefore, they call it a group. I told them I must comply with American law, and finally persuaded them. I dealt with only two people, the Frankfurt Bank and Dr. Hempel, only with them."

"Dr. Hempel" he identified as Gerhard Hempel, former Mayor of Weimar, general secretary of "the group" and an attorney representing many top German industrialists. "The group" Klein identified as the Society for the Promotion of German-American Cooperation (on German terms, of course), and it was "a committee representing German industrialists and civic leaders." Did it also represent the Bonn Government? Klein hedged on this, insisting he had no positive knowledge; but a memorandum recovered from his files by committee investigators seemed to establish the tie.

The memorandum was dated October 1, 1959 (when it would seem Klein's 1960 contract may have been under discussion), and was written by retired Gen. Kenneth Buchanan, formerly on the staff of General of the Army George C. Marshall, and then general manager of Klein's P.R. firm. It dealt with a long discussion between Buchanan and a Dr. Krebs, director of the Deutscher Bank.

The memo said that Krebs was "impressed by the meetings we have had with Government agencies. . . . Dr. Krebs was also pleased that we have been able to enlist the membership of [deleted] especially in view of the fact that [deleted] is a Presidential adviser." The Fulbright committee showed no urge to pursue this curious reference to "deleted" who was "a Presidential adviser," but it was struck by the following paragraph:

He [Krebs] said he thought J.K. and J.K.P.R. had done an outstanding job for the Chancellor and said he did not see how the Chancellor could do other than award J.K. with the P.R. assignment that has been under discussion. . . .

Klein insisted he didn't get the public relations job then under discussion. As for the memo's reference to the "outstanding job" he had done "for the Chancellor":

I would think that I have done an outstanding job for Germany and for him ever since he is Chancellor. I am a great admirer of the Chancellor. . . . Whenever he comes to this country I see him. I have advised him. He is a good friend of mine, and I had his ear for many years, and I hope to continue having his ear.

Though Klein professed to be unable to tell the Senators whether he was actually being paid by the German Government, the fact later was strongly suggested. The Justice Department, asked by the committee to investigate, was informed by Klein's attorney that the Frankfurt Bank "could not and would not under any circumstances be able to furnish a list of contributors." The attorney added, however, that he had been told the bank collected money for Klein's fee from "many hundreds of individuals and companies and other sources, including the Federal Republic."

With the official tie so laboriously and painfully established, Klein's accomplishments may be read in their true light. On January 26, 1961, a memo from his Washington office disclosed that he, like Selvage & Lee, had been successful in producing a burst of oratory in the House of Representatives:

Subject: Congressional Record *inserts and reprints: Celler and Libonati.*

We are sending you under separate cover a copy of a letter which we received today from Congressman Libonati. Were the Celler-Libonati reprints ordered? Did you discuss this with General Klein? If so, please keep us posted. Here is what General Klein has in mind:

We will need about 2,000 reprints ordered. Two hundred copies will be sent to Chancellor Adenauer; 200 copies also will be sent to Globke. As soon as we know what is what we will tell Adenauer and Globke to send reprints to their own American mailing list.

Brentano should get 100 copies of the reprint, and as soon as we know that this is being handled we will write to tell him so.

Have the German Embassy in Washington ship these three packages via the diplomatic pouch. *They will recall that Brentano authorized such direct shipments of important material. (Emphasis added.)*

Klein identified Globke as the Secretary of State in Adenauer's government and Brentano as a former foreign minister of Germany and at the time majority leader in the German Parliament. The speeches referred to were drafts that Klein

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Deceptive normality"

"Most of the time, there is a deceptive normality about Xeros. Along its narrow, dusty streets, Greeks in baggy trousers and white cotton shirts laze away the humid days in front of cafés, drinking sweet dark coffee or the local ouzo, waving a welcome *kopiaste*—sit down with us and share—to the passing stranger. It is only when they listen to the radio and hear the government toll of the latest Turkish atrocities that their pistols begin to drag at the shape of their trouser pockets."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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had prepared for Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.), chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, and Rep. Roland V. Libonati (D., Ill.).

Fulbright inserted into the record other memos from Klein's office, one entitled "A draft of speech for Congressman Celler," another a draft of a speech prepared for Congressman Libonati. He also inserted from the *Congressional Record* the texts of the speeches the two Congressmen had delivered on the floor, a comparison that indicated quite clearly the speeches had followed the Klein-prepared material. Libonati's oration praised the "powerful leadership" of Adenauer for prosecuting "neo-Nazi propagandists" and reducing them "into weak, splintered groups" — an accolade that reads ironically three years later in a winter marked by the suicides of former Nazi chieftains so belatedly and reluctantly being ferreted out by the Bonn Government. Celler's contribution included the insertion into the record of a by-line article by Chancellor Adenauer in Hearst's *American Weekly*, entitled: "I Owe My Life to the Jews."

The Honest Patriot

The testimony showed that General Klein advised all visiting German dignitaries, threw cocktail parties for them, maintained the closest relationship with the German Embassy in Washington. He contended, however, that many of his activities were inspired by his personal convictions, by his desire as "a good citizen" to promote the cause of German-American friendship in which he believed. Fulbright took a skeptical view of this fervor: "When you are paid very substantial fees to represent German clients and you perform activities in the public relations field which are clearly in their interests and in accord with their policies, it would seem to me the presumption is pretty strong that you are doing that in pursuance of that obligation rather than just as a patriot." The Klein case, said Fulbright, illustrated how a foreign agent "by exaggeration or misuse of his relationships with members of Congress can for his own purposes create for foreign governments, officials or business interests a mistaken and sometimes unflattering picture of how our governmental institutions function."

The Law vs. the Society

Such was the record of the Fulbright probe. It was a gentlemanly inquiry. When witnesses' memories failed, when they evaded the truth or were trapped in evident perjuries, there was no table-pounding, no browbeating, no intimidating threats of contempt action by Congress or criminal action by the Justice Department. It was in all respects a high-brow inquiry conducted in a low key.

Nevertheless, the extent of the committee's almost reluctant revelations is extremely significant. Fulbright and his fellow Senators exhibited frequent concern lest foreign governments get an "unflattering picture" of the processes of American democracy. But, even making full allowance for the hyperbole of the public relations man trying to procure a contract by exaggerating his influence, how can one draw from the testimony anything but an "unflattering" picture?

Lawyer-lobbyist O'Donnell could and did woo politicians with campaign contributions; he could and did get bills that he had drafted introduced in Congress, get speeches that he had written delivered on the floor; and, in the end, by use of money and guile, saw his efforts rewarded by a $73 million raid on the federal treasury.

Trujillo, a tin-pot dictator, could lavish millions of dollars upon willing takers at almost every level of American life; he could and did corrupt American media of information; he could and did purchase such influence that the Congress of the United States condoned kidnaping and murder—and doubled his sugar quota.

The sagas of Hamilton Wright, Selvage & Lee and General Klein emphasized in individual ways the broad-scale coloring of U.S. media of information; the large-scale susceptibility of U.S. politicians; the potent persuasiveness of an open coin sack in distorting and influencing U.S. foreign policy.

It seems hardly a coincidence that two of America's most questionable postwar policies — our love affair with Chiang Kai-shek that has blinded us to the existence of Red China, our total commitment of prestige and policy to Adenauer and his bellicose insistence on reunification — have been nurtured by China and German lobbies lavishing hundreds of thousands of dollars upon the task of befuddling our public and cultivating our politicians.

The committee has restricted itself to fulfilling its official purpose — the recommendation of extensive changes in the Foreign Agents Registration Act. Its proposals are designed to compel registration and full disclosure by persons acting on behalf of a foreign principal or for agencies employed by such principals.

The major changes suggested by the committee are aimed directly at political propaganda. They seek to compel full disclosure of the nature of such propaganda. They would compel the filing of a detailed statement of the money spent and precisely who got it and how much. They would make it unlawful for agents to furnish information to any agency or official, or any member or committee of Congress — or to seek information from such sources — "unless the propaganda or the request is prefaced or accompanied by a true and accurate statement to the effect that such person is registered as an agent. . . ."

It would be unlawful for any agent of a foreign principal to negotiate a contract in which remuneration "is contingent in whole or in part upon the success of any political activities carried on by such agent" — a provision that, it would seem, might have been fatal to the aspirations of O'Donnell and Surrey & Karasik. The Attorney General would be given authority to seek an immediate injunction in federal court against any agent violating any of the provisions of the Act. And any officer or employee of the United States who should act as an agent of a foreign principal, or an agent of an agent, would be subject to a fine of not more than $10,000 and two years in prison, or both — unless he acted on the specific orders of his superior and in the sole interest of the United States.

Such reforms, if they should be adopted by Congress, might abolish some of the worst abuses uncovered in the Fulbright inquiry. But the basic problem lies deeper. No law can be written that cupidity cannot circumvent. And the trend of American society today, both in private and public life, is to grab the boodle and let the public welfare go.

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The Wages of Risk

BOTTOM DOGS. By Edward Dahlberg. City Lights. $2 paper.
BECAUSE I WAS FLESH. By Edward Dahlberg. New Directions. 234 pp. $5.

Arno Karlen

In 1929 D. H. Lawrence read the manuscript of *Bottom Dogs*, an autobiographical first novel by the young Edward Dahlberg. Struck by its skill and by its tone of desolation, he wrote a preface full of admiration and dismay. The book was soon well known as a piece of hard-line "proletarian naturalism."

Bottom Dogs tells of the childhood and early manhood of Lorry Lewis. Lorry was born at the turn of the century to Lizzie Lewis and a foot-loose gambler named Saul, who was one of Lizzie's succession of unsteady loves. Lizzie was hard-working, and a born mark. Saul abandoned her with the infant, and she set up the Star Lady Barbershop in Kansas City. There Lorry spent a sickly and miserable childhood, growing up amid the hustling lady haircutters who worked for his mother, and the riverboat men and cattlemen who were their customers in that raw town. When Lizzie got tied up with a promising gentleman friend (who also eventually bamboozled her), Lorry was shipped out of the couple's way to a Jewish orphanage in Cleveland. There he spent his adolescence with other abandoned or homeless children, in an institution more penal than protective. After he graduated, he wandered west, ended up living with a bleak crew of intellectual drifters in a Los Angeles YMCA. At the end he wanders the streets after making it in a hallway with a girl picked up at a dance.

The winter leaves were rolled up; they hung on the branches impotently. They appeared diseased, perhaps, he ruminated, a foreboding to him. . . . Some kind of hospital calamity might push him out of the monstrous dead level he had been in for months. . . . Boing, sleeping in coal cars, riding those railroad bronchos, going to strange hotel rooms, the ghastly plaster inside those empty clothesclosets, walking the streets—all that was done, but then, how did he know? Anyhow, if he got the clap he would go to the Los Angeles City Hospital; maybe, those enamelled iron beds, the white sheets, the medical immaculateness of it all, might do something to him. Something had to happen; and he knew nothing would. . . .

That is the end of the book. The blurb on the back of the new edition says, "The subsequent flood of American naturalist or realist writing, from James T. Farrell to Jack Kerouac, today makes *Bottom Dogs* seem neither so shocking nor so original as when it first was published." The plea is unnecessary. To the contrary, *Bottom Dogs* is still a shocking book, will always be shocking — much more so than the confessions of Dahlberg's heirs, which surprise one not because of what is done in them, which we knew about anyway, but only because they are in print in this embarrassed land. *Bottom Dogs* shocks because there is barely a moment of joy in it, a moment of love or unguardedness or letting go. One critic called it reptilian. Its prose, like its spirit, is flat, leached out, accurate, yet raw.

Bottom Dogs is occasionally marred by the self-conscious regionalisms and slang popular thirty and forty years ago. Because of the subject rather than the language, the book is still interesting as Americana, a picture of Kansas City, the orphan asylum and the West after the turn of the century. But most striking, most important, is the book's bleakness, which is deeply and characteristically American. Lawrence's introduction says:

The real pioneer in America fought like hell and suffered till the soul was ground out of him. . . . The spirit and will survived: but something in the soul perished: the softness, the floweriness, the natural tenderness. . . . you get an inward individual retraction, an isolation, an amorphous separateness like grains of sand, each grain isolated upon its own will. . . . (In Aldous Huxley's Point Counter Point*) man is so nervously repulsive to man, so screamingly, nerve-rackingly repulsive! This novel goes one further. Man just* smells, *offensively and unbearably, not to be borne. . . . Nothing I have ever read has astonished me more than the "Orphanage" chapters of this book. There I realized with amazement how rap-*

Publisher's Note, 1929

I never met D. H. Lawrence, but we exchanged some letters and I sent him some poems; he knew of me through Richard Aldington, his close friend. It was on the strength of this long-distance relationship that I asked Aldington's second wife, Arabella, to show Lawrence the typescript of Ed Dahlberg's *Bottom Dogs*.

Lawrence wrote that it reflected the bottom of America, that he found it fascinating and loathsome. Publishers to whom I had previously sent the script had turned it down; it was now submitted, with Lawrence's comment, to an English publisher who agreed to do the book if Lawrence would write a preface. He did. When Dahlberg saw the preface, he was furious. He wrote angry letters to Lawrence telling him how violently he disagreed with Lawrence's ideas about the book.

Meanwhile, the publishers wanted a drawing for the jacket and thought that Dahlberg, in Paris, might know the right artist. I introduced him to Eugene McCown, an artist who lived in the Villa Seurat. Hart Crane was staying with McCown at the time. Both of them read Dahlberg's book in page proofs and were impressed by it. Gene McCown did an imaginative drawing that we all liked; Hart said it got the quality of the book exactly. If you looked carefully at the design you could see that it was a man's mouth talking through an ass hole.

Dahlberg took the picture and sent it off to the London publisher. A few days later, he showed me their reply: "We thought your book was dirty. But we didn't think you did."

From the autobiography of Walter Lowenfels, poet and editor, whose last book was Walt Whitman's Civil War *(Alfred Knopf, Inc.).*

Arno Karlen has written criticism, translated from French, and published a book of fiction: White Apples *(Lippincott).*

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idly the human psyche can strip itself of its awareness and its emotional contacts, and reduce itself to a sub-brutal condition of simple gross persistence. It is not animality —far from it. These boys are much less than animals. They are cold wills functioning with a minimum of consciousness. . . . They have a strange, stony will-to-persist, that is all. . . . I don't want to read any more books like this. But I am glad to have read this one, just to know what is the last word in repulsive consciousness, consciousness in a state of repulsion. It helps one to understand the world, and saves one the necessity of having to follow out the phenomenon of physical repulsion any further, for the time being.

Miller, Burroughs and the Beats went on to write the successors to *Bottom Dogs* which Lawrence did not want to read. Meanwhile, during the thirties, Dahlberg went through a deep change. His later books, *The Sorrows of Priapus* and *Flea of Sodom*, seem the work of another man. They are poetic essays on myth, art, life, written in a rich neo-baroque prose that calls to mind Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. They are heavy in Classical and Biblical allusions, Elizabethan locutions and slang, hard colloquialisms, rhetorical turns, epigrams.

In this later manner Dahlberg has gone back to the material of *Bottom Dogs* and written a book that is frankly autobiographical, *Because I Was Flesh*. This time the emphasis is as much on his mother as on himself. His prose has lost its bleakness, and the numb nausea of *Bottom Dogs* gives way to pessimistic relish. His and his mother's floundering through life now cause him compassion, not disgust. *Because I Was Flesh* is no story of the tenacity of broken souls that have sunk beneath feeling to protect themselves. There is joy in physical details, not sickened fascination with them. Fruit and rivers, not abominable secretions; rue, rather than emetic. In *Bottom Dogs* Dahlberg described his mother with, "Life was a sour thing for her, she had no hopes . . . she was waiting, vaguely, she didn't know what for." In his new book he says:

My mother was as wise as trouble, error and waste. . . . Her sadness—which was to be mine—was solitude. Nobody cares to keep company with grief, indigence and mishap . . . she was almost invariably duped—and he who is deceived is never ordinary. . . . Would to God that my mother had not been a leaf scattered everywhere and as the wind listeth. Would to heaven that I could compose a different account of her flesh. Should I seem to mock that mater dolorosa *of rags and grief, know that all my laughter lies in her grave.* Mea culpa *is the cry of all bones. . . . I had acquired some refinements and believed that I was more intelligent than my mother. She had sense, which I lacked, sexual understanding and a charitable pity for others, which is education. I could not claim a knowledge of good human entertainment; I was an incredible gawk with women, and I thought that because a fly on the wall upset my stomach, and because I was mawkish about sunsets, I was sensitive. Spite his taste, who is better than a porter, drayman, gamp or lout? There is no doctrine worth a straw so long as man has a pair of ballocks and a fundament. . . . The truth is that I was not sensitive to anybody else except myself.*

The change in language and the change of heart are inseparable. Dahlberg has become a moralist. Like Jeremiah, like Donne, like Pound, like all inspired preachers, he is full of apostrophe and apothegm, which at their best rise to the oracular:

He was very listless — which is real atheism, for what we do not see with exuberance does not exist.

The soul only tolerates the suffering it requires.

When we struggle against our defects, it is an artistic delusion which is necessary to our souls. The truth is that we can only perfect our vices, for we die with all our sins entire, and every wrong thought or dream or vision in the child matures in the man. However, the moral combat against our flinty hearts must be waged; otherwise we eat ourselves in disgust and do nothing but feed and gender. There is nothing more important than this incessant warfare with our hard demons which makes men better thinkers but not better men.

Our past is our only knowledge, and, good or ferocious, it is, for sublime or baleful purposes, the sole viaticum of the spirit. We can digest our childhood but never our present deeds, because no one knows what he is doing while he is doing it. The present is an absolute sphinx to men. Had Peter really known that he was walking on water, he could not have done it, for every act, great or small, is a veiled trance.

The writing is, in the finest sense, artificial—a word which has strangely become derogation rather than praise of its cognate, art. What "sincere" fool or "honest" fumbler can create a moving symbolic world?

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Sunny side up"

"Togged in a black academic gown, honorary Doctor of Laws Lyndon B. Johnson, UCLA '64, was plainly enjoying himself a continent's breadth away from chill Washington. Everything was toasty warm: the palmy California weather, the cheery crowd jamming UCLA's athletic field, the good-neighborly spirit of his guest and fellow laureate, President Adolfo López Mateos of Mexico. And so was Dr. Johnson's lecture for the day—a short course in U.S. foreign policy served warmed over and sunny side up."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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Dahlberg, with his unfashionable grand style of archaicisms and contemporary speech, is more truly modern than most of the slingers of coolness, hipness and sexual confession who now live in the world he left when he outgrew *Bottom Dogs*. The modern is not a subject, a posture, a narcotic revery, a clique vocabulary: it is an attitude toward craft. Dahlberg, with his irony and eclectic inventiveness, embodies it.

Our new Augustan age of criticism and consolidation turns out curators, not explorers.

During the first third of this century American writers felt a part of the European movements that broke down old ideas of genre — a line running through Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Symbolism, Joyce, Gide, Dada, Surrealism. Poetry was recognized as a force rather than a form: the distinction between prose and verse vanished. The ends blew off closed narrative form. It was no longer given that certain diction went with certain subjects. There was a new vision and so a stylistic revolution — innovations of craft which were meant to crack the shell of a newly perceived reality.

During the past few decades most Americans have turned their backs on the problems raised by this *avant-garde*. They have fled from the artistic Left and turned with relief to older, more comforting ideas of art. Naturalism and psychological realism made their comeback in new clothes, embroidered with snippets of flash-back and interior monologue, a grab bag of liftings, Joyce and Faulkner reduced to mere gimmicks. The novel becomes an arty documentary. The fiction lists now are full of books that tell about life in the city or the suburbs, in steel towns or small Midwestern towns, among the old or the young, in the "advertising world" or "business world" or some other so-called world, with witless fidelity and fearful detail. Mailer, Roth, Malamud, Updike, O'Hara, McCarthy, Salinger —most of today's serious fiction, or fiction that takes itself seriously, could have been conceived in the nineteenth century. While the best American painters are non-objective and our composers show the mark of atonality, our best-known writers have gone back to imitative conceptions of art. In the background, Miller, Rechy, the Beats (Burroughs remains a partial exception) instead of moving forward, compulsively repeat a rebellion fought years ago by Rimbaud, Céline, Prévert. Few things are as silly and vulgar as the ritual re-enactment of a battle.

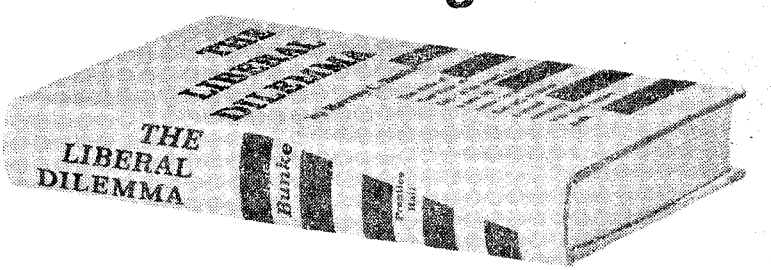
Consequently, few American writers of recent decades have developed unique voices. Many critics decry "what remains of the Romantic cult of originality," but can point to no other strong and viable vein to work today than the bitter end of *avant-gardism*. We recognize most of our respected younger writers now by their subjects or ideologies, not by their tones or techniques. They have missed the point of a century of self-conscious modernism: that since traditional literary genres have lost their traditional justifications, each writer must invent his form and tone anew each time he works. They have seen a century of the *avant-garde*, the complete transformation of Western art, as spectators, not participants.

A handful write as though this desperate struggle of artists with their materials has been more than a search for entertaining novelty. Among the youngest are Thomas Pynchon and Donald Barthelme; a generation older are John Hawkes, William Gaddis and Saul Bellow, with his deceptive picaresque fantasies in which the speech of Heraclitus and Bughouse Square keep company; a generation older still is Dahlberg — a survivor who seems truly to live in his age.

Dahlberg's writing has taken a course exactly contrary to that of his time. He is out of fashion during this revival of the naturalism he left behind decades ago. Many critics have resented his work; literal-minded levelers, with their inverted class snobbery against intelligence and painstaking craft, always resent passionate excellence. They often call him sour and mannered: I would say astringent, stubborn, complex.

A book like *Because I Was Flesh* simply shoves the lightweights out of view. There is nothing further from entertainment than such struggle with oneself and one's art. Dahlberg has, by continuing to work in the generally abandoned *avant-garde* tradition, stayed in the climate of risk and urgency wherein we recognize ourselves today. He has continued to risk failure by living at the inventive frontier of his art, and has won as his

Is America moving forward...



into the 19th century?

"Today, America lives with two liberalisms (both the 19th and 20th century versions.) 19th century liberalism is represented by the extreme right (Goldwater conservatism), which, in yearning for pure capitalism, is opposed to government spending, relief payments, federal aid to education and the UN. Because of technology, affluence, unemployment and a militant Russia, the nation has found it necessary to deviate from this ideal.

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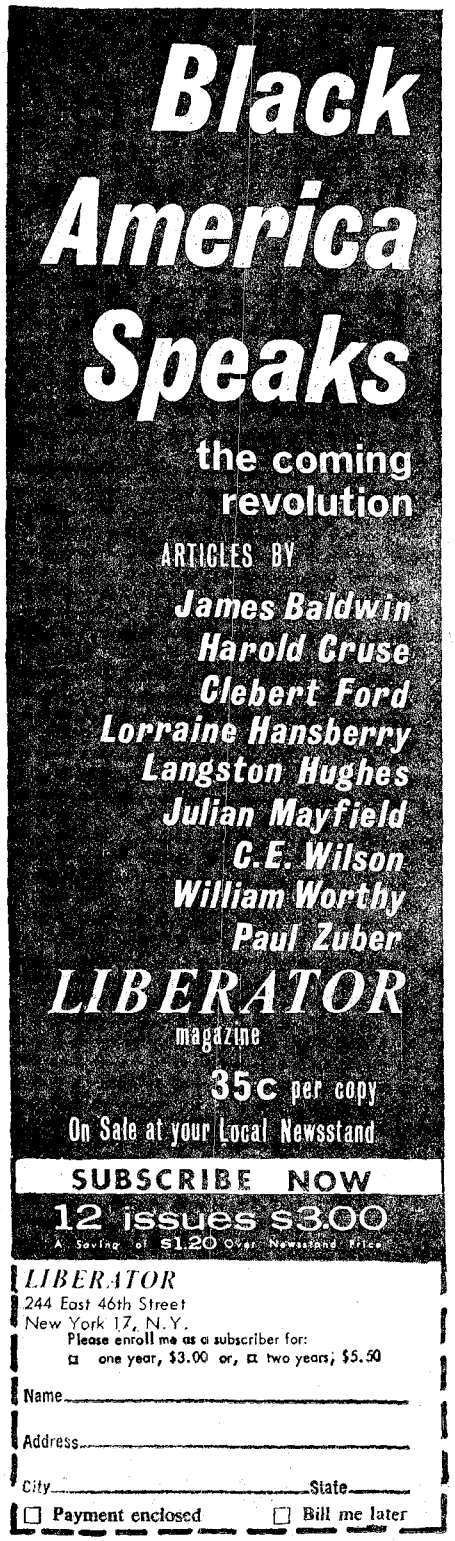
prize a rich, unique and expressive voice that spurns the conventions of genre. In his preface for the reprint of *Bottom Dogs*, he says, ". . . imagine anyone composing one of the great *Pensées* of Pascal in an abominable tongue; the adages in the *Haiku* are written in a savory language. Spirit is as imponderable as light and the raiment thereof are the lilies or the words that are dearer to us than Solomon's robes."



THEATRE

BLOOD KNOT, THE HABIMAH, BUT FOR WHOM CHARLIE

The term "new theatre" has many meanings. The Israeli theatre, for example, is new. So too is such a manifestation as the A.P.A. (Association of Producing Artists) at the Phoenix Theatre which is presenting, repertory fashion, a series of "standard" plays: Pirandello's *Right You Are If You Think You Are*, Molière's *Scapin*, Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, in addition to *The Tavern*, an absurd melodrama first produced by George M. Cohan. More important for us at the moment is the newness of *The Blood Knot* by a young South African, Atholl Fugard, at the Cricket Theatre (162 Second Avenue).

The Habimah's season at the Little Theatre was not altogether representative. Its two leading actors, Meskin and Finkel, were not sufficiently in evidence. *The Dybbuk*, as I have previously noted, is a glamorous play but its production, now many years old, has fallen into "the sere, the yellow leaf." The more recent plays, *Children of the Shadows* and *Each Had Six Wings*, by living Israeli dramatists are "historically" rather than artistically interesting. Strictly as writing, they are primitive and crude.

Still they are worth discussion, for they say something about the emergence of drama in a young nation. Critics and theatre folk in Israel—most of them reared in the sophisticated cultural environment of Russia or Central Europe—bemoan the weakness of native plays. But a new nation never produces mature drama. Though the roots of American culture were deep in England, which by 1776 had been contributing masterly plays to world literature for nearly 200 years, there was no American drama to speak of seriously till about 1920! Royall Tyler's *The Contrast* (1787), Anna Mowatt's *Fashion* (1845), the dramatization of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) were significant but were they "art"?

Children of the Shadows and *Each Had Six Wings* are first attempts to exploit the dramatic possibilities of the settling of the new state by immigrants who, having saved themselves from the holocaust in various European countries, face the problem of merging with the pioneers already established in Palestine. In *Each Had Six Wings*, for example, Polish and Austrian Jews, as well as one from Morocco (speaking Hebrew streaked with French), confront native-born Palestinians who have just survived a war against a complex of Arab forces to confirm Israel as a state.

These plays are naive and sentimental, but they have the authenticity and relevance of a lived experience. One is therefore not surprised to find oneself genuinely touched by their pathos. Though as naked in their staging as in their writing, *Children of the Shadows* and *Each Had Six Wings* possess the kind of warmth in their acting that is possible only with a permanent company which has lived and played together over a considerable period and which is bound together by common spiritual origins and a common destiny.

Since these are not altogether characteristic productions, foreign audiences should be informed that Habimah has presented many classics of world drama and plays by almost all the best contemporary dramatists of Europe and America as well as such entries from the commercial stables as *Irma La Douce* and *Photo Finish*, enormous hits for which the company itself tends to apologize.

I shall write about the A.P.A. Productions when I have seen more of them. Their *Scapin* is spirited and generally entertaining, particularly in the performance of the company's artistic director, Ellis Rabb, as Géronte.

You should see *The Blood Knot*. On the surface it is a "race" play, situated in the, to us, still unfamiliar region of South Africa. Apart from its individual merits, the play is important because, while the "color question" is one of the few topical themes capable of renewing the impetus of our theatre, it has thus far stimulated hardly any dramatic expression commensurate with its possibilities and demands. *The Blood Knot*, comparatively modest in its scope, gives some idea of what may be developed in this vein.

There are only two characters, Negro half-brothers: Morris, son of an unknown white father, and Zachariah, all black. Morris, sufficiently light-skinned to "pass," had disappeared from his native village, leav-

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ing Zach in the wretched isolation of the unskilled black laborer. When the play opens, he has returned, frightened and disillusioned by his encounter with the whites in the big cities. Now he acts the protector and mentor to his still illiterate and more "savage" brother. Zachariah works as a sort of park watchman while Morris keeps house and guards the budget, forcing Zach to give up his pastimes in order that they may save enough money to buy a little green land in the open country.

Zach must forgo his fun with women, and much of the play concerns itself wtih Morris' arrangements to supply him, in compensation, with a "pen pal," a girl from another town who advertises in a local paper her desire to correspond with someone of the opposite sex. There are humorous and frightening developments from this device because the girl who answers Zach's letter (written by Morris) is white. Morris foresees terrible consequences, even in such a disembodied connection between black and white. I have never seen the horror of the South African racial situation so vividly revealed as in this essentially comic episode.

The play goes still deeper. The vicarious correspondence and its subterfuges trigger a conflict between the brothers. Each has a different memory of his mother. To Morris she represents something traditionally tender; to Zach, the less favored son, she remains a grimly threatening figure. At bottom, both men think of her as the cause of their suffering, someone whom they secretly revile.

The two men, brothers as all men are "brothers," seek mutual consolation and protection from the hostile world; their sense of fraternity, however, is complicated by blood and color differences which, despite their need, separate them in ill-disguised hatred.

The play is constantly absorbing. At times it is somewhat too studied in its effects, too forced in its symbolic overtones. Yet it has the power to penetrate our consciousness. What has seemed at first only the picture of a special situation in a distant land develops into something much subtler. The separation of black and white results in a tension within each Negro's soul. This is ultimately converted into the depiction of the tension between all human beings—between man and man, white or black. "Hell is the other." The Negro problem is part of the universal dilemma of man's commerce with himself and of his dealing with every other man: the fundamental need to reconcile his identity and desire for independence with the equally unconquerable urge to overcome that which separates him from his "brother."

John Berry's direction is not only vigorous but endowed with remarkable variety, in this instance a noteworthy technical accomplishment. The acting by J. D. Cannon as Morris and by the American theatre's most prevalent actor, James Earl Jones, except for fleeting moments of overstrenuousness, is admirable.

HAROLD CLURMAN

S. N. Behrman's *But For Whom Charlie*, with which the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center completes its first season, is concerned with integrity, the particular need for it in our quicksand society. Mr. Behrman frames this thought in major and subsidiary contexts and undertakes to embody it in dialogue of such wit, topicality and emancipated naughtiness that we shall not notice that the proposition is self-evident. His two acts froth with seeming jokes and pseudo-paradoxes; the atmosphere is as heady as a *New Yorker* fashion ad come to life. *But For Whom Charlie* may be banal, but no one can complain that it is unprofessional.

I don't mean to depreciate integrity as a dramatic theme. It has often been the source of stunning surprises and tantalizing dilemmas, and it will provide these pleasures again. However, it is a theme demanding some individuality of viewpoint; it must be approached obliquely. What cannot be done, outside the pages of *Boy's Life*, is to declare that integrity is splendid and its absence a great pity. But Mr. Behrman's villain announces his venality with the complacence of an Ivy League Iago, and his hero fairly glows with spiritual honesty, inhibited only by a diffidence so grotesque that anyone experienced in stage conventions knows he will firm up in the last act like a properly calculated blancmange. "Isn't injustice the essence of everything?" someone asks early in the evening, to which the play replies with a resolute "heaven forbid!"

Mr. Behrman has always been responsive to current social vibrations, and he astutely sets his new play on the premises of the Seymour Rosenthal Foundation, endowed by the guilt-ridden son of a Hollywood vulgarian for the support of talented writers of slight commercial promise. Seymour (Jason Robards, Jr.) lives upstairs,

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Ladies not for burning"

"New York City Fire Department officials got word that some of the boys in Engine Company 35 in East Harlem were whiling away the hours in the firehouse with some hired damsels in no distress. Inevitably, when the department revealed for whom the belles toiled, the news last week smoked out every hoary pun the city's headline writers could sneak by the editors.

"FIVE SUSPENDED FOR FIRE HOUSE SIRENS, said one headline after the initial disciplinary action. CAP'N & 4 BEGIN THEIR ORDEAL BY FIRE DEPT., huffed another."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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whence sounds of Bach are frequently heard, but the place is run by Charles Taney of the play's title (Ralph Meeker) who drinks, fornicates, bullies and schemes all over Jo Mielziner's split-level, Castro Convertible set with an extrovert assurance based on the fact that, back in the days when they were both Yalies, he had defended Seymour against the anti-Semites. Never having had a friend, it takes Seymour twenty years to get the hang of Charlie.

Foundations have had many and confusing effects on our intellectual life, and in themselves raise vexing problems of integrity. Unfortunately, the play shows no deeper interest in the ambiguities of institutionalized benevolence than it does in the moral stamina of its characters. Mr. Behrman introduces an aging novelist (David Wayne) who has learned to tap Seymour like a sugar maple, but the cynicism is too blatant to be arresting (Wayne plays the part with a deft relish that is easily the most gratifying ingredient in the production).

Also prominent on stage are Charlie's feminine counterpart (Salome Jens), who tells us that her first job, which led to her first marriage, was performing in the nude in pornographic movies; and a thoroughly decent girl (played by Faye Dunaway with as much flavor as the insipid invention permits) who sleeps where her fancy suggests, but who is steadily devoted to getting a Rosenthal grant for her talented, alcoholic, sado-suicidal brother (Clinton Kimbrough). The play is full of references to literary works that verge on genius, but as is usual in such cases no documentation is provided.

Elia Kazan has instructed everyone to ham it up (Mr. Meeker grins like a shark, Mr. Robards dithers and gulps and wriggles like a puppy, Miss Jens gives us recollections of Theda Bara) and to speak their lines as though they were reciting gems from Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. The punchy delivery elicits a good deal of reflexive laughter and made me feel as though I were glumly sitting through a farce in a language unknown.

So now the initial Lincoln Center repertory is complete, and the three plays will continue in rotation for the rest of the season. It is good that the venture has been born, but thus far it is not nearly good enough. All this talent, all this money, all this attention has not added one cubit to the stature of the New York theatre. Messrs. Whitehead and Kazan have dared little and dreamed small: they have revived one of the less effective plays by the much revived O'Neill, and they have offered new works by Arthur Miller and S. N. Behrman which any producer would eagerly have launched in the West Forties. Quite aside from the merits of these particular plays, it is utterly pointless for Lincoln Center to do what Broadway is competent and clamoring to do. The idea is to augment and surpass, perhaps to challenge and inspire, the commercial theatre—not to imitate it. Or if I am wrong, what is the idea?

ROBERT HATCH

The Poem As Mask

Orpheus

When I wrote of the women in their dances and wildness, it was a mask,
on their mountain, god-hunting, singing, in orgy,
it was a mask; when I wrote of the god,
fragmented, exiled from himself, his life, the love gone down with song,
it was myself, split open, unable to speak, in exile from myself.

There is no mountain, there is no god, there is memory
of my torn life, myself split open in sleep, the rescued child
beside me among the doctors, and a word
of rescue from the great eyes.

No more masks! No more mythologies!

Now, for the first time, the god lifts his hand,
the fragments join in me with their own music.

Muriel Rukeyser

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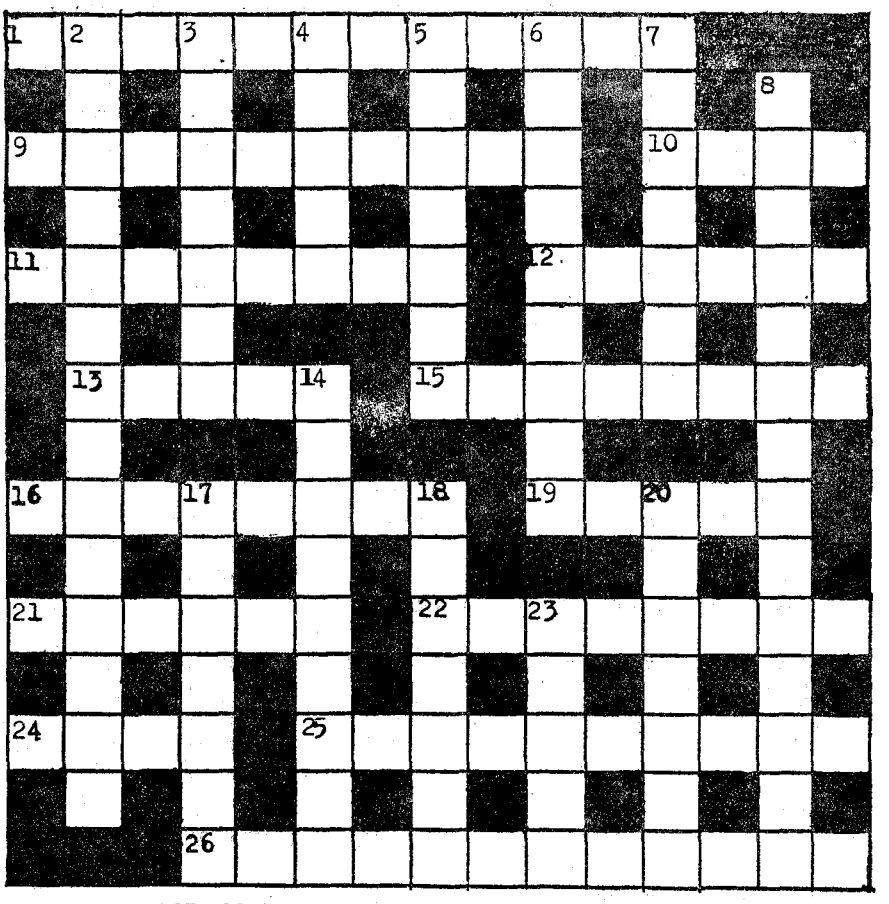
Crossword Puzzle No. 1052

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Express disapproval, having not so much clothing? One might learn something from it. (6, 6)
9 One shouldn't gamble with them at the table, though they're in good shape for it. (5, 5)
10 Captain Corcoran's was gallant.
11 General farming should have been his specialty. (8)
12 Efficient causes — at least the road type held up. (6)
13 To keep highly amused in time of terror? (5)
15 A number of Romans encased permanently on the outside. (8)
16 One might place both him and Bruce in a rather high order. (8)
19 It indicates the smallest interruptions in continuity of thought. (5)
21 He had an old rule that might give skill to Ben. (6)
22 The fine points of pleasing haberdashery. (8)
24 This had a man of ideal purity, but by itself should be quite an occasion. (4)
25 Willing to gamble on the better showing up. (10)
26 Ask when a cat's about to make it? It's wide open! (12)

DOWN:

2 Jack might, after a blow-out, and still not lead the way. (5, 2,3,4)
3 Such blows happen every year. (7)
4 Prohibition is something to bring up at a word of disapprobation.
5 Half of 2 down, perhaps. (7)
6 The last city's in the contracting business, it seems. (9)
7 If the head is turned, such warfare appears rather hazy. (7)
8 Though somewhat ambiguously it suggests the heart of our country, it's actually between North and South. (7, 7)
14 9 across, perhaps, though found in Mathematics rather than Home Economics. (4, 5)
17 Warms up all over again, as there might be a mix-up concerning the races. (7)
18 What's the matter if it's small? (7)
20 The artist will bring it up in a shot. (7)
23 Is the strip of paper supposedly?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1051

ACROSS: 1 Storm window; 9 Whoa; 10 Visit; 11 Toad; 12 Bristle; 15 Remittal; 16 Saddle; 18 Itself; 21 Cash sale; 24, 14 and 4 Counterclockwise; 26 Carving; 28 Bath; 29 Carol; 30 Week; 31 Guest towels. DOWN: 2 Transpire; 3 Rivulet; 5 Notices; 6 Outgo; 7 and 13 Charge account; 8 Darnel; 17 Disavowal; 19 Thorax; 20 Fleeces; 22 Swallow; 23 Longer; 25 Nehru; 27 Writ.

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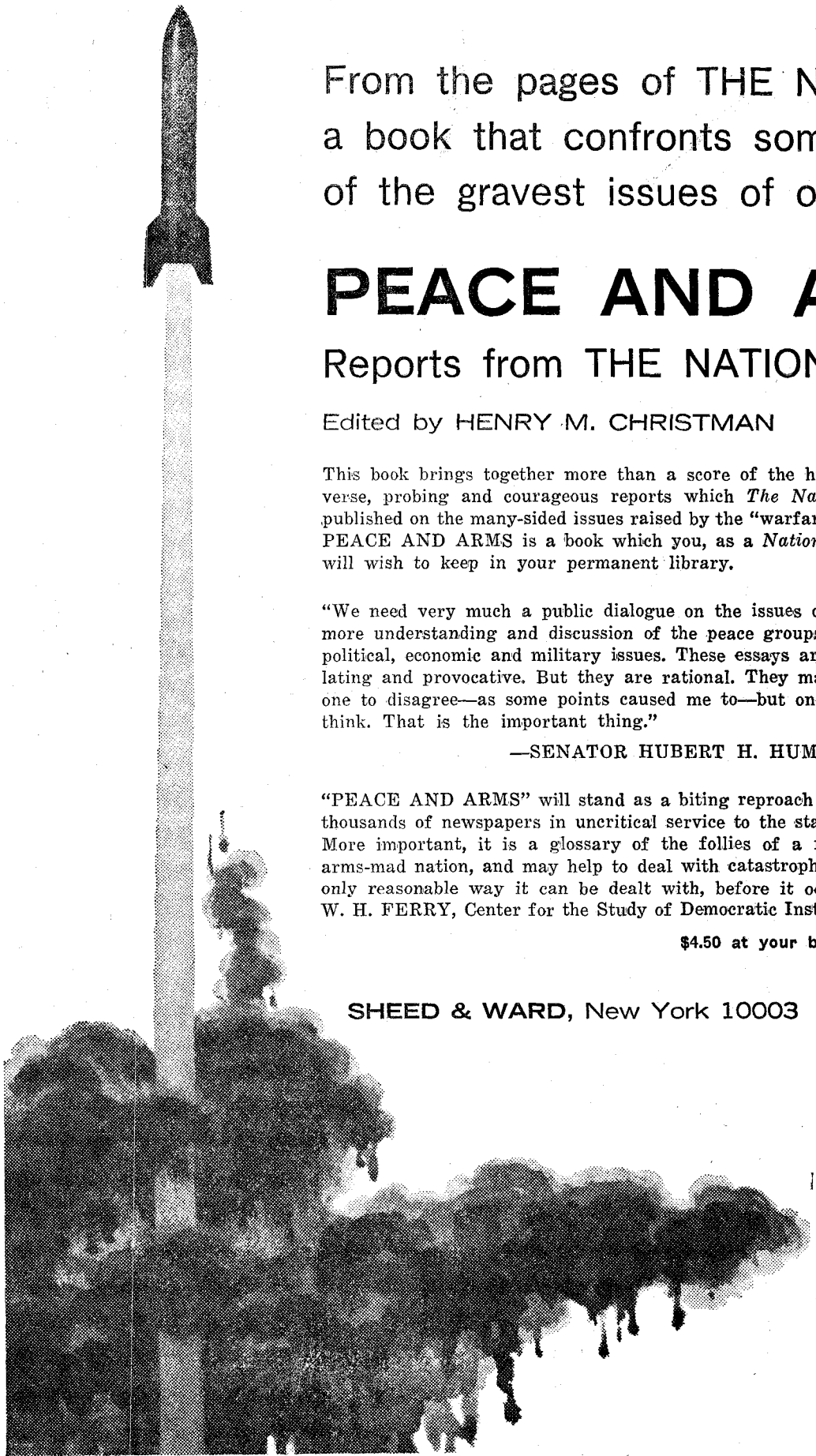

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